National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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National Anti-Slavery Standard.

ICHABOD CODDING.

BY FRANCIS GILLETTE.

The recent announcement of the death of this great and noble man has saddened many hearts. Humanity bows sorrowfully over the fresh grave of another of her great heroes and benefactors. Truly, a mighty prophet has fallen; a brave, grand, pure soul has returned to the bosom of the Father. As was said of Wilberforce, he has gone up to the Eternal Throne, with a million of broken chains in his hands. Thus, one after another, the pioneer reformers of the present age who *fought a good fight*, through storms of persecution and obloquy, pass from earth and enter into rest. It is fitting that we should notice their exit, cherish their dear memories, and plant perennial flowers upon their fragrant graves.

Mr. Codding was born in Bristol, N. Y., in 1811. Before the son saw the light the father had died, leaving him in humble circumstances to the care and culture of his excellent mother, who still survives. His early school advantages were very meagre; but this deficiency was more than compensated by the sweet ministries of maternal love and faithfulness. For while yet a boy, he seems to have been baptized with the spirit of philanthropy, and entered upon his noble career as a Reformer. At the age of seventeen, having seen the star of Temperance in the East, without any definite knowledge of the great movement, he drew up a pledge to Teetotalism, and won many of his young comrades to its support. Aglow with youthful ardor he went forth into the surrounding country, a young apostle of Temperance, giving lectures and organizing Temperance societies.

At the age of twenty we find him in the academy, at Canandagua, N. Y., preparing for college, and teaching in the English department, as a means of paying his way. Three years later he entered Middlebury College, Vt. Soon after, the sad story of the American slave reached his ear, and stirred the deep fountains of his tender and compassionate soul. The country was beginning to shake with excitement on the subject, and he could not hush the throbbings of his manly sympathies and be still. Accordingly, he gained permission, during his junior year, of the Faculty of College, to go out for a few weeks, and plead the cause of the slave. This was his initiation into the distinctive work of his life; his earliest self-consecration to the cause of Liberty. He soon found himself engaged in no holiday service. Furious mobs howled on his track; the doors of public halls and churches were shut against him; priests and politicians, saints and sinners, all joined in fraternal sympathy and vied with one another to silence the young Wilberforce. The Faculty of College took fright lest its reputation should suffer from the unpopularity of such a disturber of the peace of slavery, and told the lie that he was a truant from college duties. Learning on his return what had been done to disgrace him, he went to the authorities of college, and brought them to own the falsehood, and retract the censure. But although restored to regular standing, his wounded spirit forced him to abandon the college, where he had been so cruelly and basely treated.

Very naturally, Mr. Codding, now free to choose the sphere of his future labors, girded himself in full panoply for the great anti-slavery conflict, and went forth under the auspices of the American Anti-Slavery Society, which had then just entered the field. For the next five years he traversed the States of Vermont, Massachusetts, Maine, New York and Connecticut, pleading the cause of the slave, and forewarning the people of coming judgments, if oppression should be persisted in, with a heroism and eloquence which have never been surpassed. To follow him, step by step, through the terrible fight, would far transcend the limits of this article. The persecutions, obloquy, and outrages which he in common with his co-laborers endured in those early days of the anti-slavery warfare, cannot be appreciated by any who did not share or witness them.

Posterity will find it difficult to believe that in a country founded on the principle that all men are politically free and equal, Presidents and politicians of every name and grade should have treated the humble advocates of this elemental principle with such contumely and violence; and, more incredible still, that ministers and churches, professing to follow Him who came to *preach deliverance to the captives, and the opening of the prison doors to them that are bound*, should have bolted their doors and hardened their hearts against those who felt for the *bond as bound with them*, and tried to open their prison doors. The subject of this sketch, although he always aimed to avoid provocation and was eminently courteous, received his full share of personal abuse and calumny. His very life was often in peril, as he sowed the good seed amid storm and tempest. From State to State and from town to town he was followed by the hounds of slavery. Church and State, priests and politicians, in their several ways, and by arts characteristic of each, spared no pains to crush him. The one shouted "fanatic, infidel, the setter-forth of false doctrine!" The other echoed, "fanatic, disorganizer, peace-breaker!" and took up stones to stone him! Pilate and Herod were friends in this extremity. On the occasion of his first attempt to speak in Massachusetts, at Brighton, on a Sunday evening, while in the act of offering an introductory prayer, two ruffians, representing a mob outside, seized and dragged him down from the desk, evidently with the intention of committing him to its tender mercies; but by the aid of some friends present, they were arrested and forced to sit through the lecture that followed.

In Calais, Maine, he attempted to give a course of lectures, when the lawyers called a meeting of the people to warn him out of town. He claimed the right to be heard in self-defence against the violent resolutions introduced against him, and he so won upon the audience by his gallant bearing and manly defense, that the people heard him gladly, and the lawyers quit in disgust, feeling the force of that Scripture which saith, *woe unto you lawyers!*

It is related of Peter the Great, of Russia, that near the close of his boisterous life, he exclaimed despondently, "I have conquered Russia; but, alas, I cannot conquer myself!" Not so with Mr. Codding. He had gained a thorough self-conquest before he entered the arena of the world's conflicts. During the three years of his labors in Connecticut, the writer often saw him under the strain of severe provocation and trial; but he was always master of himself, and, consequently, of his position. This power of self-mastery, which made him cool amid heat, and calm amid storms, was sublime; it crowned the character of the hero that he was; it made him always invincible, and beautifully illustrated Solomon's estimate of the grandest style of heroic character: *He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit, than he that taketh a city.*

At one time, while he was lecturing, a shower of eggs was hurled at him. Pausing a few moments, with one eye badly hurt, his face and hair dripping with the slimy missiles, he looked around smilingly, and humorously remarked, "Well, boys, I am fond of eggs; but really, I would like to have them done up in a little different style. May be in the haste of your generosity, you did not think of that." At this the mob shouted, and made no further disturbance.

On another occasion, while lecturing, a ruffian leaped upon the platform, and, seizing him by the cravat, presented a pistol to his breast. The miscreant quailed under the fearless bearing and intense eye of his intended victim, and the pistol dropped from his unnerved hand to the floor.

> "Think'st thou there dwells no courage but in breasts
> That set their mail against the ringing spears.
> When helmets are struck down? Thou little knowest
> Of Nature's marvels."

In 1842, Mr. Codding left New England to visit his family friends who had emigrated to Illinois, with the full purpose and expectation of returning and resuming his labors at the East. But the great, broad, boundless West spread out before him so invitingly, and the solicitations of Western Abolitionists and others were so urgent, that he decided to remain, and immediately entered into this fresh field of labor with characteristic energy and enthusiasm. A local Western paper, where he spent the last year of his life, in a notice of him, says: "There is scarcely a town in Northern or Central Illinois, Wisconsin, or Iowa, that he has not visited, and where the news of his death will not be received by some one as a personal calamity. He was located, at different times, at Princeton, Lockport, Joliet, Baraboo, and for the past year in our own city [Bloomington], everywhere meeting with great success—only he would speak what he thought to be the truth, and what the cause of humanity and justice demanded. At the time of the passage of the 'Fugitive Slave law,' he was preaching at Joliet to large audiences. Gov. Matteson, and men of that class, were members of his congregation. Mr. C. at once from his pulpit denounced the law as inhuman and unchristian. The pro-slavery magnates of the society remonstrated with him, and told him if he persisted, he must leave the society. His reply was that he would continue to denounce the infamy as long as he had life to do it, and then he left the society, which quickly died from a lack of real, vital, practical Christianity."

Mr. Codding's career in the West was attended with the same persecutions and trials that he had experienced at the East. Although Congregationally ordained as a minister, and a practical believer and exponent of a vital Christianity, he was always regarded with suspicion by his clerical brethren, as unsound in faith and untrustworthy as a spiritual teacher and guide. The feeling against him, in many instances, was very bitter and denunciatory. The treatment received from this quarter, which he felt to be so undeserved and cruel, stung him to the heart. All other perils he could brave with a serene courage; but the *perils from false brethren* were grievous to be borne.

It is not improbable that his characteristic love of truth and free thought followed him into the vast domain of theological inquiry, and made him somewhat unobservant of ecclesiastical decrees and formulas; but it would be difficult to prove that he was skeptical on any of the *weightier matters of the law*, or differed more widely from the common standards of orthodoxy than many other men of independent thought whose standing is unquestioned. The cardinal article of his faith was the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, and disloyalty to humanity he deemed to be treason against God; for, *if a man shall say that he loves God while he hates his brother, he is a liar and the truth is not in him.* Yet such were the men—apologists and defenders of slavery, believers in the divine right of slaveholders to their human chattels, Biblical advocates of the "patriarchal institution"—who were aggrieved by Mr. Codding's lack of soundness in the faith!

But we cannot follow this illustrious man, step by step, through his grand career of toils, trials and triumphs. This must be left to the pen of biography. Patriotism mourns the fall of a true lover of his country, Christianity a noble advocate, liberty a heroic defender, society a genial friend, and eloquence a rare and unrivalled orator. No one who chanced to meet him in social life could soon forget his frank, cordial greeting, or the flowing, sunny, sparkling stream of his discourse. His colloquial powers were surprising. Let a traveller meet him anywhere—in mansion or cabin, wherein they had found shelter from a shower—and, whether a philosopher or peasant, he would soon forget the rain, spell-bound by his fascinating tongue; and the remembrance of the remarkable stranger would always be pleasant and refreshing, as "the charm of earliest birds."

As a pulpit and platform orator he ranked very high. Both East and West, many who heard his most masterly efforts thought he had no superior. Possessing a portly and commanding person, an eye through which the soul flashed its beautiful light, a voice full, rich and musical, a manner and elocution spontaneous and pleasing, it was a joy, an exhileration, to see him rise to the grandeur of his great themes and listen to his entrancing eloquence. In his moods of highest inspiration his countenance glowed with a transfiguring radiance. He seemed the personation of truth battling falsehood, of justice rebuking wrong, of honor chastising meanness, of liberty frowning upon oppression, of humanity herself invoking heaven and earth to her rescue. He swept the chords of the human heart with a master-hand; indignation or pity, joy or grief, laughter or tears, alternated at his will. His power lay in links of logic welded together by the fires of the heart. His paramount aim was to convince the understanding and inform the judgment. He was always entertaining—wit played along his brilliant track, anecdote enlivened the more sombre parts of his discourse, and satire now and then emitted its lightning shaft. In the use of the latter, however, he was sparing, and seldom indulged in it except when some luckless scapegrace of a theologian crossed his path, whining about Abolition and quoting Scripture to prove slavery a divine and saintly thing.

As a worker, Mr. Codding was indefatigable. Preaching to his parish on Sunday, lecturing more or less through the week, writing occasionally for the press, travelling from house to house for private conversation—"ever doing, ever working," his energies of body and mind were severely taxed. During the last five years, especially, of convulsion, he was, if possible, more alive and active than ever before. No man watched the shifting drama of the late war with keener solicitude, and no one did more, at least in private life, to give it a successful issue. The strange course of public events during the last year filled him with bitter disappointment and grief. He could not endure the thought that so much precious blood, poured out on the altar of liberty, should be wasted, and the nation drift back under the frowns of heaven.

Over the character of the stern and inflexible reformer a child-like simplicity and enthusiasm threw a softening grace and beauty. He was but "a child of larger growth"—buoyant, ingenuous, sincere, hearty, trustful. He delighted most of all in the society of children; entered into their sports and jollities with the keenest zest; frolicked, romped and laughed with them, and was always welcomed to their pastimes as a most loved and genial playmate. Like the sword of Orlando, his trenchant blade which cleaved giants, became soft and pliant as a silken streamer, when it touched a child. Troops of sorrowing children water his grave with their tears.

This charming simplicity and freshness characterized the man everywhere—on the platform, in the pulpit, and the social circle. They were the constant outflows of his large, loving heart. He thought lightly of money, and the little that fell into his hands he gave freely, after supplying his own necessities. He had no vulgar ambition, choosing rather to be a faithful toiler in the master's vineyard, than to amuse himself with the gewgaws of earth, or seek to bind upon his brow the fading wreath of fame. When urged repeatedly to take a seat in Congress, in districts where he could have been elected almost by acclamation, his quiet answer was that he felt he could better serve the people, as a humble teacher at home than as their representative abroad. His was one of those grand royal souls "framed in the prodigality of nature," which bore all over it the stamp of Divinity—

> "A combination and a form indeed
> When every god did seem to set his seal,
> To give the world assurance of a man."

Under so great a strain of anxieties and labors, in the ripe maturity of his manhood, full of hopes, fears, entreaties, warnings, prayers, his fine physical powers gave way under acute disease, and he passed serenely from the anxieties, labors and weariness of earth into that rest which remaineth for the just. His last words were in beautiful harmony with his great and noble life: "*All right, all right; there can be no failure!*" And soon after, raising his hands with great effort, he laid them in blessing upon the heads of his three little children, bade his dearly beloved wife farewell, and, with the coming glory already shining in his eyes, whispered; "*All sweet, all blessed!*"

The following elegy was sung at his interment in Lockport, Illinois:

> Gently, calmly, lay him down;
> He has fought a noble fight;
> He has battled for the Right;
> He has won a fadeless crown.
>
> Memories all too bright for tears
> Crowd upon us from the past;
> He was faithful to the last—
> Faithful through long toiling years.
>
> All that makes for human good,
> Freedom, righteousness and truth—
> These, the object of his youth,
> Unto age he still pursued.
>
> Kind and gentle was his soul,
> Yet it had a glorious might;
> Clouded minds it filled with light,
> Wounded spirits it made whole.
>
> Huts where poor men sat distressed,
> Homes where death had darkly passed,
> Beds where suffering breathed its last—
> These he sought, and soothed and blessed.
>
> Hoping, trusting, lay him down;
> Many in the realms above
> Look for him with eyes of love,
> Wreathing his immortal crown.

WHO SHALL SAVE THE NATION?

BY MARY GREW.

Not they who compromise one principle of absolute justice for the sake of what they call peace, union, or political prosperity. Not they who, however pure and disinterested their patriotism, have not faith enough in the absolute right to stand alone and unyielding in its defence against any numerical force. Not, now, they who led its armies to the field, and whose skill, bravery and power saved it in the fierce shock of war. A far more perilous crisis has succeeded its victory there. At the commencement of this critical period of reconstruction, the eyes of true patriots turned in hope towards their servants in Washington, in whose hands they had entrusted official power to guide the Nation safely through its transition from war to peace, from slavery of one-sixth of its population to perfect liberty of all. One golden moment lost, when justice might have secured triumphs which it will now take years to win, disappointed that first hope; and the treachery of men who cared more for their own political pre-eminence than for their country's weal, destroyed all prospect of national salvation in one quarter, and turned the eyes and hearts of the people, with impatient longing, towards the assembling of Congress. When it assembled in December, its utterances were so bold, so true to justice, that hope became faith; and men said, "Congress shall save the nation, and foil the treacherous designs of the President." As bill after bill was presented, resolution after resolution passed, speech after speech made, all ringing with the true tones of universal justice and liberty, how did we all rejoice that at last an American Congress was convened which acknowledged its allegiance to the higher law, and believed in the Declaration of Independence. Its first session is about to close; and, with downcast eyes and apologetic words, the leaders of the Republican party present to the waiting, expectant people the result of their long and earnest deliberation, their solution of the problem on which hangs the black man's liberty and the Republic's safety; the problem of reconstruction. It is so poor a counterfeit of justice, so empty a sham, so bitter a mockery of righteous law, that we do not wonder to hear one legislator say, "It is not what I would, but what I can;" and from another the statement that he does not live with angels but men, and therefore must temper his legislation with injustice; and from others the plea, "It is a very difficult problem, this question of reconstruction." How are the mighty fallen! They who seemed to stand so firmly erect in the temple of justice, with ear attent to catch the voice of God bidding them avail themselves of the grand opportunity which His judgment on this land had given them to frame absolute justice into their national constitution and laws; they who promised and might have done so much, have bowed so low; and to what? Each may answer to his own conscience whether it be to the spirit of party, to his own sweet schemes of personal political promotion, or to the behests of the dark spirit of slavery which still lives in the land. The sacrifice is the same, on whatever altar it was offered. The black man's rights are made a peace-offering, justice is sacrificed, for some fancied gain, by men who ought to know that nothing is worth gaining by such a sacrifice.

The work was difficult! Were they not selected by their fellow-citizens as men supposed to be capable of performing difficult work? Moral problems generally are difficult in proportion as they are removed out of the rays of the sun of righteousness. How easily are many of them settled by the application of that simple yet grand rule which is equally fitted for the guidance of the child in the nursery and the statesman in the council-chamber, "Whatever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them." The defect at the basis of our legislation is that the *manhood* of the black man is not fully recognized in the hearts of our legislators. If it were, they would not thus traffic in his rights, nor deliberately place them at the mercy of his tyrants. They would instinctively shrink from treating any class of white men thus. It is one of the legitimate results of slavery, that the oppressing race becomes almost incapable of clearly perceiving and fully acknowledging the manhood of the victim race.

Yet our Republican Congressmen have done brave deeds for freedom. They made the Civil Rights bill the law of the land, notwithstanding the veto of Andrew Johnson. For such deeds as this they will be honorably remembered. But they succumbed, they compromised, at the point where all their past legislation was to be made efficacious; they shrank from the enabling act which should secure the slave's freedom, and seal the equality of the black and the white man. Many of those who thus yielded when all was at stake, did so regretfully, really desired to win the triumphs of justice which they consented to lose; but they had not faith enough in justice, in truth, and in moral power, to stand firm in a minority, and see in such defeat as that persistence would bring, an earnest of future triumph.

Who, then, shall save the Nation? Evidently, it is not to be saved by the might of intellect, nor by the power of political chicanery, baptized by the high name of statesmanship. These have tried and failed. They who aspire to be its saviors, they who would aid, however humbly, in this great work, must possess such faith in absolute Right, such loyalty to Justice, that any compromise of these shall be esteemed defeat, whatever apparent immediate triumph may be won thereby. A nation is not inevitably ruined because its legislators fail to appreciate its vital needs in a critical hour. There still remain the people's moral strength, the people's voice. The question which involves the fate of our republic is whether or not there is in the Northern heart sufficient faith in the Right, love of justice, and appreciation of true freedom, to say to Congress, you have not solved the problem of reconstruction; you have not secured either justice or peace; you are repeating the folly of the founders of this government, after nearly a century's experience has demonstrated that folly: we will not accept this work of your hands; taught by bitter experience, warned by the terrible retribution of the last five years, we will now re-build our government on surer foundations, and execute justice and not the sham and mockery thereof. If this shall be the people's response to Congress, the Republic will be saved. God has taken the negro, the poor, helpless victim of our long oppression, and set him face to face with this Nation in the hour of its perplexity, danger and distress; and says to us, in language which all may hear and understand, "The measure which ye mete unto him I will measure unto you."

THE JAMAICA MASSACRE.

LETTER FROM PROF. GOLDWIN SMITH.

To the Editors of the Boston Daily Advertiser:

When the disturbances in Jamaica took place, feeling that the subject was of as much importance to America, in view of her great experiment of negro emancipation, as to England, I ventured to address to you a few lines deprecating hasty conclusions against the negro.

The report of the commission appointed by our government to inquire into the origin and history of the disturbances has at length appeared. It is a feeble and timid document, laboring throughout, sometimes by artifices far from judicial, to cast the blame of these deplorable events as much as possible on the negro peasantry, and to veil or excuse the tyranny and atrocity of the whites.

For instance, a certain Col. Hobbs is distinctly proved, among other outrages on humanity, to have put up a negro peasant named Arthur Wellington at a distance of 400 yards as a target for his riflemen. Those who know anything of rifle-shooting will see at once the unspeakable cruelty of this act. But the commissioners pronounce that the charge of cruelty is disposed of, on the plea that Arthur Wellington was believed to be an "Obeah man" or wizard, possessed of supernatural powers, and that it was advisable to execute him in a conspicuous manner and position in order to disabuse the people of that superstition. To disarm indignation they mention a rumor, of the truth of which no evidence is offered, that poison had been found in Arthur Wellington's house; as though, supposing this rumor to be true, it could have anything to do with the offence for which he was executed, viz: complicity in a rebellion.

The commissioners must therefore be regarded rather as unwilling witnesses than as impartial judges. Nevertheless, on the main points, their report will, I believe, be found decisive in favor of the view I expressed. Above all, it admits that there was no conspiracy of the blacks to massacre the whites, nor any wide-spread conspiracy whatever. The outbreak, though it had been longer in gathering, and had at last assumed a somewhat more organized character than appeared from the first accounts, was merely local. This fact ought to have been broadly stated by the commissioners in their general "conclusions," instead of which it is only admitted in the body of the Report (p. 38). But the admission is distinct.

The causes of the outbreak were such as would probably have provoked a similar outbreak in any European population. The commissioners, though most reluctant to confess, were unable, in face of the evidence, to deny the iniquity of the tribunals in which the planters sit as judges and decide upon questions between the employer and the employed. In official phrase, there may have been "a planned resistance to lawful authority." But in the eye of morality, authority ceases to be lawful when it becomes a perpetual fountain of injustice. Washington was guilty of "planned resistance to lawful authority," and so was William Tell. Any government will, of course, try, and will be justified in trying, to put resistance down; but it does not follow that those who resist, whether they be whites or negroes, are incurably depraved.

Nor did the outrages committed by the negroes, though deplorable, exceed or even equal the measure of fury exhibited by European mobs under similar provocation. About twenty whites were slain on the scene of the conflict by the negroes, who had lost six or seven of their own number by the fire of the volunteers. In the wave of riot and confusion which swept over a district of about thirty miles in breadth, two persons were murdered and three were wounded, apparently from motives of private revenge. The stories of mutilating corpses and drinking brains mixed with rum are entirely disproved.

On the other hand, the planters, having suppressed the rising without the loss of another drop of blood on their part, revelled for thirty days, under cover of the sanguinary license styled martial law, in hanging, flogging and burning of houses; showing us once more what planter-nature is, and what a savage lurks in the heart of the self-called civilized man.

That the negro in Jamaica has great defects, great vices, is true. He is wanting in industry, because his industry has not been encouraged by kind guidance and equitable treatment. He is wanting in reverence for the law, because the law in Jamaica is unfortunately not much to be revered. He is devoid of rational religion, because religion is rendered torpid by the presence of a rich church establishment, the clergy of which are now loud in applauding measures of blood, in which they are zealously emulated by their Episcopal brethren here.

In former days Gov. Eyre himself, after a tour through the island, described its inhabitants as "animated, one and all, by the same spirit of warm loyalty, considerate kindness, and generous hospitality." These words will rise in judgment against him if he tries to excuse himself on the ground of the incurable depravity of the negro.

So far, then, as these events are concerned, there is no reason why America should shrink back from her great task of redeeming and elevating the negro race. Injustice has engendered vices in the slave. But only the oppressor will draw the conclusion that injustice ought to continue forever.

I am, gentlemen, yours faithfully,

GOLDWIN SMITH.

Oxford, June 29, 1866.

P. S. The commissioners in their "conclusions" state that "a principal object of the disturbers of order was the obtaining of land from the payment of rent." This suggestion, and is no doubt intended to suggest, that the peasantry were guilty of agrarianism, the crime most hateful to the mind of the landlord class in this country. But an expression in the body of this Report (p. 18) betrays the fact that the lands in question were the "back lands"—lands which had lapsed to the crown for non-payment of land tax, from which no rent was due, and the liberty of occupying and cultivating which was a perfectly lawful object of desire.

CHIEF-JUSTICE CHASE'S TOUR.

From the New York Evening Post.

After the inauguration of President Johnson, Chief-Justice Chase started from Washington on a tour of observation among the Southern States, and was accompanied by Mr. Whitelaw Reid—well known as "Agate," of the Cincinnati *Gazette*—who has now given to the public a sort of history of this trip, as well as an interesting description of a subsequent tour in the South made on his own account. The result of Mr. Reid's observations are embodied in a well-printed volume of nearly six hundred pages, now before us. We regret to say that the excellent letter-press of the book is disfigured by the introduction of several wood-engravings of the most wretched character.

The book itself is one that will be read with no little interest. Mr. Reid's more ambitious style of writing seldom appears in this volume, and he seems to have striven to report truthfully what he has seen. His political views are not prominently brought forward, yet are evident enough, and well presented when given at all. If there are any fundamental differences between his politics and those of the distinguished ex-Secretary, whose champion he has so long been, we have failed to discover them. This is, however, an unimportant matter. What concerns the readers of his book is, first, whether he saw anything in the South worth writing about; and, secondly, whether he has had the honesty and ability to make a fair and good report. We believe that these questions would be answered favorably, in the main, to Mr. Reid's ability as an observer and narrator, and to his candor.

Visiting first the North Carolina and South Carolina coast, in May and June, 1865, he observes that the white men generally profess to accept the results of the war as having settled all the issues involved, but are clamorous for political rights and immediate representation in Congress. The negroes likewise exhibited a cordial acceptance of the situation in which the termination of the war had left them, a readiness to work, to learn, and to improve their condition generally. In North Carolina the rebel owners of abandoned property were returning, to find what was valuable most productively used by the Yankees. Merchants coming back were astonished to see how ex-army sutlers were making fortunes in their old places, and how Northern speculators were developing sources of wealth never dreamed of by the "old stock." Some of the practices of army officers, who "regarded everything left in the country as legitimate prize to the first officer who discovers it," Mr. Reid properly condemns, as he does that of some of the mercenary Treasury agents, whose rascalities have never yet been fully exposed.

The author gives a very faithful account of the manners, notions, and even styles of speech of the freedmen. In describing the Sea Island negroes, he gives them credit for docility, readiness to learn, and industrious habits, but thinks there are few who are likely to make rapid progress in the higher branches or in skilled labor. He says further:

"So their moral faculties seem to me to be torpid, like their minds. Their religion seems rather a paroxysm of the affections than an intelligent conviction; and it is only beginning to lay hold upon the realities of their daily lives. Their affections, whether toward God or toward their neighbors, are unquestionably lively, but of doubtful depth. One sees, however, scarcely a trace of revengeful feeling toward their old masters. If good passions are shallow, so, too, are bad ones. Nor do I see any element whatever out of which a negro insurrection could now, or ever could have been, evolved. The enterprise which risks present pains and dangers for future good is not now a characteristic of the Sea Island negroes. If it comes at all it must come—as it has *not* yet to some of the most cultivated peoples in the world—with the education and aspirations of comparative freedom."

Mr. Reid illustrates the practical value of test oaths by the following incident which occurred in Savannah:

"Half a dozen pretty women were keeping up a busy chatter, all to themselves, in an ice cream saloon, where we sat down for a few moments. 'I'm going North in a few days,' said one, 'to buy some clothes.' 'But, Laura, you musn't do that: you'll have to take the oath to get a pass; and, you know, you're just as much of a rebel as ever you were.' 'Yes, of course,' with a pretty shrug of the aforesaid Laura's pretty shoulders, 'but, then, one must have clothes, you know!' Of old it was discovered that sermons might be found in running brooks. May not generals and higher authorities, who believe in hard swearing as a means of grace, take a lesson in statesmanship from an ice cream saloon?"

At Mobile he sees many returned rebel officers and soldiers:

"Everywhere the rebel soldiers clustered on the corners, or mingled in the throngs about the barrooms and hotels. They still wore their uniforms, for the best of reasons—they had no other clothes to wear; but nothing could have been more unexceptionable than their general conduct. 'I tell you, sir,' exclaimed one of our generals, in a burst of enthusiasm, 'I tell you, they are behaving splendidly. In fact, sir, these rebel soldiers are an honor to the American name.'

"'You've whipped us,' said one of their officers, with whom I had been carrying on a desultory conversation, 'and you did the work thoroughly. I think too much of the bravery of our army and of my own honor to admit that we would have surrendered if we had not been thoroughly whipped. Of course, then, we've had enough of it. If we hadn't we'd have fought on. As we had, we mean to d—n politics, try and get some clothes, and go to making money.'"

Mr. Reid's description of the plantations in Mississippi and Louisiana, of the manner of working them, and of the new relations existing between employers and employed, are the most valuable and readable portions of his book. Among these plantations was the first sugar plantation in the United States cultivated with free labor by its old owner, who gave the results of his experiment in writing. The statement is interesting:

"The transcripts from my plantation books, which I send you herewith, do not, in my judgment, give a fair idea of the workings of the free-labor system. I had to contend not only with the complete disorganization of the State, socially as well as politically, but I was subjected at various periods to guerilla raids. These interrupted labor on the estate for days and weeks at a time, and carried off quantities of provisions, live stocks, plows, etc., all of which had to be immediately replaced at a great cost. The expenses were thus largely increased, while the delays and neglect proportionately diminished the value of the crop. Then, too, it is a sugar plantation, and is not at all adapted to the culture of cotton, being too near the mouth of the river, and being likewise much more liable than ordinary cotton plantations to the ravages of the army-worm. But, during the war the stock of seed-cane run out, and I had to put the greater part of the land in cotton. In spite of these difficulties and interruptions, and enormous outlay, the estate has never failed to return a handsome revenue. I feel certain that within the next three years I shall reduce the expenses of the free-labor system fully one-third, and, at the same time, increase the returns in an equally large proportion.

"I pay my laborers what I think, even at the North, you would call good wages for that sort of farm work. They get an average—men and women, boys and girls—of twelve dollars a month each, besides their lodging, food and medical attendance. One-half of these wages I pay them quarterly, the remainder at the end of the year. Each laborer is paid according to his merits. Some of my hands receive as much as twenty-five dollars a month; others as little as six dollars. This causes great emulation, and consequently more work is performed; all of which results in favor of both employer and employee. I think it wise policy for the planter to give high wages, as he thus secures a better class of laborers, who work not only industriously but cheerfully.

"I am satisfied, in my own mind, that one able-bodied American negro of ordinary intelligence is worth at least two white emigrants. He understands the business, and he has the advantage of being acclimated. I am willing, therefore, to pay the negroes one-third higher wages than any white laborers accessible to us. You may think this extravagant; but during the unsettled state of affairs for the last two years I have had to try both, and I base my opinion, not on my prejudices, but on my experience."

This planter's net profits for two years, on a thousand acres, and with one hundred and twenty hands, were $145,029 45.

How the inevitable laws of supply and demand regulate the labor market is illustrated by Mr. Reid:

"A change in the feeling toward the negroes was also manifest from the first day's entrance within the cotton region. In November nothing could exceed the hatred which seemed everywhere felt to the freedmen. Now, this feeling was curiously and almost ludicrously mingled with an effort to conciliate them. Cotton was no longer king, but the cotton-maker was. Men approached the negro with an effort at kind manners; described to him the comforts of their plantations, and insinuatingly inquired if he wouldn't like to enter into contract for a year. The sable owner of muscle, his woolly head greatly perplexed with this unwonted kindness, held aloof, and seemed, as he respectfully listened to the glowing inducements, to be wondering whether the fly would make anything by his visit to the nicely-arranged parlors of the Mississippi spiders."

LOOK BACK A LITTLE.

From the Boston Transcript.

If there ever was a time when the people who sacrificed and suffered so much to preserve the Union ought to be awake to the necessity of continuing their vigilance and efforts, now is that time. Everybody is aware that the hour of seeming calmness, may be the most treacherous hour—the precursor of the storm; and everybody ought to be aware that the mischievous preparations for violent outbreaks, or the insidious undermining process which weaken and corrupt nations, are often carried on beneath the apparently smooth and even prosperous surface of seasons of peace. The absence of palpably threatening dangers to the country, those that come in the form of war, and accompanied by all the terrors of war, does not necessarily imply that all peril, or even the worst peril, is over. Neither is it true that because the great majority of the people of all sections may be averse to any further strife, and anxious only for quiet, and the healing of all disputes, there is no occasion to anticipate any more trouble. It is plain that originally the South as a whole had no treasonable wishes or purposes, but was driven into insurrection by an ambitious and unscrupulous minority. This fact proves what a few designing and persistent conspirators may do to compel the unsuspicious many to commit grave blunders and dark crimes. The testimony of numerous parties in the late secession States, is to the effect that an iron despotism, almost a reign of terror, was sprung upon them before they were aware of it, and when they could not escape its grasp.

Without being alarmists, therefore, there is need to warn the loyal citizens of the republic that their watchfulness must not be intermitted, and that their whole task is not yet completed. The grounds of anxiety are threefold. In the first place, now, as heretofore, partisan politicians are ready to abandon principles, to enter into any alliances, to agree to any compromising measures, to secure power, official and party success. In the second place, the defeated factions of the South are encouraged to resume the fight at the ballot-box which they lost in the field, by the readiness of their former friends and allies at the North to grant them whatever they may ask in return for their influence and votes. In the third place, over-devotion to material interest and an exaggerated desire to instantly increase their commercial prosperity, on the part of individuals and communities, are not only turning off attention from political questions of transcendant importance, but may complicate such questions by the introduction of secondary issues of minor moment, this is not the hour to urge.

To escape these evils there should be kept up a constant mindfulness of the nature of the great contest, and what that contest settled by the victory won by the Federal arms. We must go back to the truth that rebellion, if successful, gains everything; if defeated, it loses everything; has no rights and no claims upon the conquering power, but must submit to such terms as that power deems needful to secure peace and obedience in the future. We must go back to the facts that the secessionists took themselves out of Congress, abandoned their share in the government, and forcibly endeavored to sever the tie that bound them to the Union; that, had they been able to establish their confederacy, they would have insisted upon being to all intents and purposes, a foreign nation, and would have had no treaties or dealings with the United States that were not entirely for their own advantage; we must go back to these indisputable facts to escape the sophistries of politicians that are striving to keep them out of sight, and to preserve in remembrance the guiding principles that should direct all pacification, restoration or reconstruction. When treason is made odious; when to rebels is meted out just what they earned by insurrection; when the loyal people alone are put in charge of the republic, without the risk of finding traitors in office to thwart their purpose to maintain free and equal institutions, then the conflict may be regarded as finished, and all good will and kindness be shown even to domestic foes.

THE PRESIDENT'S WAR ON CONGRESS.

THE ALLEGANY DISTRICT—THURLOW WEED ON THE WAR PATH.

[We have no party politics to fight for or further. But everything that throws light on the plots formed to thwart the Revolution, is of importance toward forming a correct judgment of one's duty. Hence we copy the following statement touching one of the chief conspirators.]

From the N. Y. Tribune.

Washington, Monday, July 2, 1866.

The President's warfare on Congress, taking the form of an attack on the influence of the Representatives, to be followed by concerted efforts to beat them in convention for renomination, and, failing in that, to beat them at the polls with Copperhead votes and the influence of the newly-appointed Johnson officials, has commenced in the Allegany District of New York with significant spitefulness. Seven postmasters, good Union men and good officials, recommended to their positions by the good and true Representative Hamilton Ward, have been removed. Mr. Ward protested against this wrong to the Assistant Postmaster-General Randall—remonstrated against it to Thurlow Weed, who was then here. When Randall

showed himself to be inexorable in his purpose politically, Mr. Ward struggled to save the offices from falling into the possession of the vulgar mercenaries of politics who had been selected to fill them, and requested that they be given to disabled soldiers. He entreated that the Angelica office be given to Mr. Charles, mutilated in battle, but qualified for its duties—that the Belmont office be given to Harrison Crandall, and that at Wellsville to Capt. Moses Stearnes, both scarred in their country's service, and named soldiers for all the other offices. This just and patriotic request was unjustly and unpatriotically refused to Randall with a supplementary insult to the party that is now burdened with feeding and clothing him expressed in his angry declaration to Mr. Ward—"This matter has got to be fought out between Congress and the President." He also gave Mr. Ward notice *that "there was to be a general removal of all Postmasters who do not favor the President's policy."*

Mr. Ward, as I have said, went to Thurlow Weed to have the work of removing good Union men in Allegany County arrested. His success with this politician was quite equal to that with Randall. After retiring from the interview, he made a memorandum of the conversation between them while it was fresh in his mind. For the political enlightenment of the hundreds of thousands in the State of New York who fought and bled, and gave of their sons, their husbands, their brothers, and of their money, to the holy war against Rebellion and Slavery, I send you this remarkable declaration of war by Andy Johnson against the Unionists of the Empire State, made through the aged Adjutant-General of the President's Chief of Staff, the Secretary of State:

——, June 25, 1866.

I had learned that one Sherman, from Allegany County, N. Y., in company with Mr. Weed, was in Washington to secure the removal of certain postmasters in the District I have the honor to represent (the XXIIth District, N. Y.)

I saw Mr. Weed about 8 1-2 a. m. at Willard's Hotel, and entered into conversation with him upon the subject, and stated to him that I came to see him about certain postmasters in that District. He said promptly and frankly, "Oh, yes, I shall do all I can to get them removed."

I asked what reason there was for their removal. He said there was reason enough; that they were not friendly to the President's plan of reconstruction, but sustained the course of Congress. I said I did not suppose the policy would be to remove men who had supported Lincoln and Johnson in 1864, and were still good Union men, unless they abused or denounced the President personally. That I had got that understanding both from the President and the Posmaster-General.

He said that he (Weed) was in favor of removing all Federal officers who did not support the President's policy, and putting administration men in their places.

I said if this is so, why is it not made general? Why is the District I represent specially selected out as a victim? He said that was merely accidental; that friends of his in Allegany County, on whom he could rely, had called his attention to the matter, and that he was in favor of the changes for the reasons (I have) given, and that as soon as it could be done, he was in favor of making the changes universal. I asked is it any personal hostility to me that prompts this selection? He said not. I then stated that, as the Union member of Congress from that District, I felt that I was entitled to be consulted with reference to the distribution of the patronage of the District. He replied that my course in Congress did not justify me in that claim; that I had favored a policy opposed to the views of the Administration; that I would only hold my seat in Congress a few months longer; *that it was the intention to secure the election of Administration men in the place of the present radical members of Congress.*

I then said, from what you say, it appears to be your design and that of the friends of the President generally, to make war upon Congress, break up the Union party, and hand the government over to the Copperheads. He said he was in favor of restoring the Union; and that Congress by its course was preventing the desired restoration, and that Congress was as much disunionists now as the rebels were during the rebellion, and that Congress was breaking up the Union party, and not the President.

I said while we differ as to the method of reconstruction, I have no doubt but it is the sincere dseire of all true men to restore the country to peace and harmony, and when the issue of reconstruction was disposed of, I saw no difficulty in the Union party and Congress going along together. He said that there was no hope of that—that Congress had made war upon the President, and that the war must go on.

I said, if that was the determination, we might as well understand it.

APPEAL TO THE CLERGY.

[The following characteristic article, from the N. Y. *Times*, was called forth by Mr. Phillips's appeal to the clergymen of the loyal North, which we printed last week.]

AN ISHMAELITE IN A NEW CHARACTER.

THE respect of Mr. Wendell Phillips for the clergy has been usually rated equal to his respect for the Constitution of the United States. He has not enjoyed a reputation of being very friendly to either. The Constitution he contemned as a covenant with hell, and the clergy he was for years accustomed to scold as the subservient instruments of the Slave Power. In to-day's ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, however, he implores the clergymen of the loyal States to come to his relief by using their pulpits to propagate his opinions. Whether the reverend gentlemen will feel complimented by the tone of his appeal, may at least be doubted. Thus, the Christianity which prevailed before the war he arraigns as "no true Christianity"—as a "bastard claimant of the honors" of the religion which in his opinion it disgraced. There were few pulpits in those days, he says, that spoke the truth; for the rest, there was a "ghastly masquerading of puppet priests," the "organizations called churches" were mere "synagogues of Satan," and the moral sense of the age was outraged by their attitude. These former shortcomings, as we understand Mr. Phillips's epistle, are recited less by way of indictment than as incentives to present exertion. In other words, the fiery apostle of anarchy preaches his own version of the doctrine of repentance, and calls upon the class whom he has persistently maligned to approach the confessional which he has erected, and to atone for their sins by doing his bidding.

The purpose of the supplication is so manifest that it will hardly be deemed complimentary. It is not that Wendell Phillips loves the clergy more than of yore, but that he likes the Radicals less; and having been cruelly deceived where mostly trusted, he turns to priest and pastor as his sole remaining source of strength. The Radical patriots at Washington he derides as "gamesters in the Capitol;" he sees nothing but a cloudy sky, and shrieks a fearful warning. "Beneath the board on which these Republican and Democratic dice are throwing heaves the volcano"—and so forth. He does not make a single exception. He sees no righteousness in Congress, no principle, no patriotism; he discerns only political tricksters at work on cunning schemes. And as, in his judgment, the President is a conspirator and the virtue of the people is at best extremely doubtful he calls upon the ancient objects of his wrath and contumely—the clergy of the North—to rush to his rescue. His remaining hope is in the drum ecclesiastic. Byron asked for but a forty-parson power. Phillips entreats that "through forty thousand pulpits" the gospel he promulgates may hereafter be preached, that recreant Radicals and conspiring officials and an unredeemed people may be flogged and spurred to a sense of duty.

Thank goodness, the country will not be so afflicted. Phillips may rant at Framingham and cant in the ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, but the forty thousand pulpits are not yet ready for his service. A Cheever there may be here and there, dealing damnation all around. But the great body of the clergy preach, and will continue to preach, the gospel of peace, which has not the remotest resemblance to the gospel according to Phillips.

SPEECH OF HON. GEORGE BOUTWELL, ON THE ADMISSION OF TENNESSEE.

MR. BOUTWELL said that after the most careful reflection, through taunts and jeers, he was still as deeply convinced as ever of the unwholesome and dangerous nature of this proceeding. He was conscious that his voice reached unwilling ears, as it seemed to be the fixed purpose of the House, in the presence of a great political struggle, to adopt this measure. He demanded a system of impartial suffrage to the colored people of Tennessee first, and then to the colored people of the whole revolted and still rebellious section of the country. He was not troubled about the action of the Tennessee Legislature. That action, although informal in some respects, would be controlled by the certificate as to what the Legislature had done. His objection to this measure was fundamental. It was that the government of Tennessee was not in fact, a republican government. What was the House declaring to-day in the name of the people of the country and under the Constitution? It was declaring that "a State Constitution on which more than 80,000 of the male citizens of the State were forever for themselves and for their posperity deprived of all part in the government of the State" "was republican in form." On the contrary, it was "an aristocracy," "an oligarchy." He did not question for a moment the power of Congress to enfranchise the negroes of Tennessee and of the whole South, but he would reject Tennessee and North Carolina and Arkansas until they themselves did this just and proper thing. They had the authority of President Lincoln, of President Johnson, and of many acts of this and the last Congress for the position that they might exact conditions precedent for the admission of these States to Representative power. He asked the House to consider the condition of Tennessee, with 200,000 able-bodied male citizens, and with its governing power placed in the hands of less than 60,000 of them. By the Constitution of Tennessee, more than half of the white male citizens were disfranchised and 80,000 male colored citizens, an aggregate of 140,000 men, were thus excluded from all participation in the government, and 60,000 put themselves forward as the State; and this House was solemnly resolving, in the presence of the country and with the light of history and of the traditions of the Republic, "That that was a republican form of government." What did they invite and invoke in the future? Did members suppose that those 60,000 disfranchised rebels would rest quietly under their exclusion. They were entirely mistaken if they supposed anything of the kind. There would be a combination between the 80,000 disfranchised colored men, and the 60,000 disfranchised rebels, and they would overturn the government of that State, and what the House was doing to-day for Tennessee, it would be hereafter invited to do for the other ten States of the South. There was but one other alternative for the colored men of the South, and that was to swarm over the border and compete with the white men of the North in their labor. Justice and expediency were united indissolubly, and the men of the North could not be unjust to the former slave race without themselves suffering the bitter penalty of that injustice. He was attached to party as much as any man could be, but he knew that since 1856 the jewel of his party had been consistency based on justice. And now they were abandoning justice and accepting inconsistency. The history of the country was full of warning to political parties; but it might be asked, were those to be forever excluded? By no means. They had assurances from North Carolina, Tennessee, Arkansas and Texas, that if Congress would but demand impartial justice, the people of those States who were loyal to the Union would enter the contest, demand it, fight for it, and ultimately secure it. His firm conviction was, that the House was to-day surrendering up 4,000,000 of people—surrendering the cause of justice—degrading itself and the great party which had controlled the country in the most trying trial in the history of the world. He entered his protest against it, believing it to be wrong.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 28, 1866.

APPREHENSIONS.

WE print, below, extracts from letters and public journals showing the opinion which Republicans now confess they hold of their President, and their fears that he will resort to the use of force against Congress. We print these extracts as we find them and leave our readers to judge of the weight to be given them. Whether these forebodings prove correct or not, it will be seen that at last the Republican leaders confess their President to be that traitor and enemy which we told them twelve months ago he was; an announcement for which we received, at the time, the most unmeasured abuse and merciless ridicule from some of these very men who now tremble at the gulf yawning beneath their feet. A moderate degree of penetration last Summer, accompanied by frankness enough to confess the peril and summon the people to checkmate it—yes, this penetration and courage would have exploded the plot. We gather these scraps of warning, not as really believing that Seward will dare advise a *coup d'état*, but as the speculations of those nearest the focus of affairs, and evidence of what leading men *think* of Johnson's character. Observe, they believe him capable of planning to be a traitor, and found all their hopes, if hopes they have, on his being afraid to attempt it. This is the President that the *eminently "practical* statesmanship" of 1864 has fastened on us! Woe to the Baltimore Convention! It has given us such a President that his party tremble to adjourn and leave him alone in Washington! That FREMONT, upon whom the Baltimore Convention men poured such measureless abuse, with his sword in his hand and a victorious and madly devoted army behind him, sheathed the one and quitted the other at the bidding of a government a thousand miles off and trembling for its own existence: the noblest instance of voluntary submission to civil duty and silent acquiescence to infamous wrong done in the name of law, that this or any century can show. The man whom our "practical statesman" chose to guard the Republic from such a foe as FREMONT, they dare not leave alone in the *Capitol* with the eyes of the world upon him, lest he surrender the government formally to Jefferson Davis! Let every man who attended the Baltimore Convention hereafter hold his peace, and let "practical statesmanship" acquire its first virtue—modesty.

These leaders, thus avowedly swindled by their own comrade, to whose hands they have trusted the whole patronage and power of the State; by their own confession thus weakly hoodwinked and befooled, turn round, with majestic and ridiculous indignation, to doubt the patriotism of any man who presumes to question the consummate wisdom of their plan of reconstruction! One would think that, with the White House itself a standing evidence of their rotten folly and utter incompetency, they would sit down in sackcloth and ashes, and, begging pardon of the nation they had led into such danger, would beseech any and everybody to help them to a little common sense. There is no farce on the stage equal to the pompous strut of self-convicted failure in the United States Senate. Malvolio, cross-quartered, is tame in comparison. Could Shakspeare have seen the Republican party to-day, he could have improved Malvolio.

The simplicity with which these complacent statesmen (!) confess the pains they have taken to make fools of themselves, to believe what, their neighbors were all the while telling them, was a lie,—to make out that the President did not really intend what he was always affirming, by word and deed, that he did intend, is vastly amusing. But not so much so as the merit they seem to claim for having at last found out that they have all along been cheated! "I have tried hard," says Senator and "practical statesman" Wilson, "to keep from believing that the President had gone over to the Copperheads!" But alas! he wakes up at the eleventh hour, this alert practical statesman! and rubbing his eyes, plumes himself on confessing that he has been bubbled! Just so McClellan "tried hard to keep from believing" that Lee intended to hurt us!

If we had not got into hands like Grant's, which "tried hard" to do something else than disbelieve facts, there would have been now no United States reaching from the Gulf to the Lakes. We need to get rid, speedily and forever, of men like Mr. McClellan Wilson, "*trying hard*" to believe in traitors, and to put ourselves into the hands of Mr. Grant Stevens and Mr. Grant Ingersoll, who long ago recovered from credulous faith in White House traitors, and burnt their boats when they quitted that shore. Imagine the pilot of a Cunard steamer standing on the wreck of his ship off Rockport and saying, complacently, "*I tried hard to keep from believing that Cape Ann was solid rock—but I confess my worst fears are realized!*"

We are not surprised at this gradual decline in the courage of Congress. We expected it. In political history there are very few instances where a numerous legislative body has been able to hold its ground against the persevering effort of an Executive represented by one man, and wielding the patronage of the State. The *crowd*, in such case, yields surely to the *individual* so placed. We prophesied last Fall that this would be the result: but were assured that "this Congress would be an exception to all rules—its virtue was unique—it believed in negro suffrage, and would never yield that point—we need only wait patiently and witness its unprecedented virtue," etc., etc. We have waited only to see it retreat from its great position and endeavor to hide its defeat under a cloud of unnecessary and idle Civil Rights bills and Bureau bills—only to see it catch at every straw to save its life, instead of manfully drawing the sword and throwing away the scabbard and dying, if need be, in the effort to do its acknowledged duty. Where is the Suffrage bill, even for the District? Why is it killed in a Senate which a two-third Republican majority controls? What made an impeachment of Johnson impossible? Not lack of cause for it, and evidence enough to sustain it. The Long Parliament sent Strafford to the block on evidence against him, of not a tenth part of the weight that lowers against Johnson to-day. Well did Boutwell say in that noble protest he made against admitting Tennessee on conditions that betrayed the Negro, "You *shrink* from this question (of Suffrage). We surrender four millions of people—we surrender the cause of justice, in the vain hope that the admission of Tennessee may work something *for the cause of* THE PARTY." All honor to him and the little band for the persevering resistence!

Congress has, confessedly, not *made one effort* to do its duty. Its excuse is that, as office-holders, its members could not afford to run the risk of such an effort. But they promise, if re-elected next Fall, to exhibit a virtue of which they have as yet shown no trace. So the convicted thief always implores the Judge to let him off, and promises, if so favored, he will be very virtuous *in the future!*

Meanwhile the President, Jefferson Davis's acting attorney, is thus far victorious. He is to celebrate his victory by a Copperhead Convention in August, which Gen. Hamilton so fitly calls "A new rebel invasion of the North." In spite of the McClellans and Fitz John Porters of this Republican Congress, let this *invasion* be met BY THE PEOPLE with a more thorough repulse than abortive Antietam or incomplete Gettysburg. Let this last horde of rebels never return over their Potomac.

We proceed to our extracts, asking for them special attention. WENDELL PHILLIPS.

Extract from a private letter, dated Washington, July 10, 1866:

"Visiting the Hall of the House of Representatives this morning before the session, I found conversation quite generally running on the possibility of President Johnson's attempting a revolution. Almost every one feels apprehensive, yet few are able to state upon what they base their fears. Still, the air was heavy with that indefinable dread, that Johnson, whose revolutionary character now begins to be understood, may commit some violent act. It is well known that the President's mind has been running on this subject for a long time, and that there are those of influence around him who counsel him to act. You may be sure that if he thinks he sees a prospect of success, he will act."

Washington correspondence of the Boston *Commonwealth*:

"WASHINGTON, July 10, 1866.

"THE GENERAL FEELING.

"The political atmosphere is heavy and dark with apprehension. The minds of loyal men are overcast, freighted with dread of the near future. During the last terrible six months I have never seen this manifestation so general. I have yet to find the first man who does not fear the revolutionary designs of the President. There are not many but believe he will attempt to put these designs into execution. Is it not terrible that, after all these years of struggle and sacrifice, loyal statesmen should thus be trembling in dread of the crisis that impinges? No one can tell how to meet it. Few realize in what form it will come. Yet everybody feels the danger approaching. Gov. Hamilton, the brave and loyal Texan, almost alone seems to understand the crisis fully. He intimates a belief that if the Thirty-ninth Congress adjourns now, we shall see an attempt made to inaugurate another Legislative body composed of the present supporters of 'my policy' in Congress and their Southern allies, who, under a special call, will assemble here and be *forced* in, and *vi et armis*, if necessary. A significant remark made by Secretary Seward, some weeks since, to a New York Congressman, comes to my memory. The Auburn Sage was talking oracularly to the impressible subject before him. He let slip this peculiar language: 'If this Congress adjourns without letting in the Southern members, it will never meet again in this capitol.' Seeing the look of surprise on the face of his auditor, he explained by saying, 'I mean its members will never be heard from again.' But the listener did not fail to treasure and repeat the first remark as the one Seward really meant to utter."

What the Washington correspondent of the Worcester *Spy* says about Seward's new predictions:

"WASHINGTON, June 22.

"At a levee, or similar social gathering, a few evenings since, Mr. Seward, the Administration's Delphian high priest, was present. He indulged largely in vaticinations of a partisan character. Predictions of a sinister purport were hurled at every Congressman of a radical character, who was so unfortunate as to come within the compass of his scolding tongue and soured intellect. Among other pointed and significant remarks, was one addressed by the oracle to several New Yorkers. Mr. Seward declared, with an all-knowing air, that not a Radical of this present New York delegation would be re-elected. To another party of listeners he several times repeated the assertion, 'That after its adjournment this session, this Congress would never be heard from again.' It is also stated that the premier said, 'if it adjourned without admitting the Southern members, it would never meet again.' Ominous words these. We naturally inquire as to their meaning. They are probably intended to warn us of Southern vengeance—or do they mean that Mr. Seward and his friends will secede with the National archives, Capitol, and all? If so, the government is to be pitied which must be saddled with this shallow Mephistopheles."

Telegraphic dispatch to the New York *Tribune*, July 11th. (Caucus of Union members of Congress:)

"The question of adjournment came up. Senator Lane, of Indiana, spoke warmly and excitedly. While he favored an early adjournment, he hoped something would be done to prevent the threatened displacement of Union office-holders and the substitution of Copperheads in their place. Senators Conness and Wilson spoke on the same subject. The *latter said he had tried hard to keep from believing that the President had gone over to the Copperheads, but he was now fully convinced that his worst fears were being realized. It was stated by several gentlemen that Mr. Seward had recently expressed the opinion that the President ought to, and would, call the Southern Members and Senators elect together and recognize them as the Constitutional Congress.*"

Telegraphic dispatch to the New York *Tribune*, July 12th. (Republican Caucus, authorized statement:)

"Mr. Wilson referred to the President and his course, bitterly denouncing both. *He knew now, what he had been unwilling to believe heretofore, that the President was about to sell the country to the Democratic party.*"

[After further expression of alarm touching the dangers of adjournment] "Mr. Boutwell, of Mass., took the floor, and in an excited manner said, *that the battle had commenced, and the President would take the Capitol unless the Union men took measures to prevent him.*

"Mr. Garfield, of Ohio, took similar ground.

"Mr. Harding, of Ill., was not afraid of Johnson's usurpations, but still he thought something ought to be done, as was suggested, in the matter of appointments.

"Mr. Ingersoll, of Ill., said he would as soon trust a bull in a china shop *as leave Andy Johnson in possession of the government* untrammelled."

From the N. Y. Post.

The extraordinary language used in the two caucus meetings of the Republican members of Congress, on Wednesday and Saturday of last week, will fill patriotic hearts with amazement and grief, and cause the enemies of Republican liberty to rejoice. We have had, during the last six months, several lamentible and disgusting displays of intemperate language; but they have been by individuals. In the Republican caucus it would seem that, with two or three honorable exceptions, members of Congress tried who should indulge to the greatest extent in language so intemperate, so indecent, so disgusting, that, as we read, the speakers seem rather an assemblage of pot-house brawlers than grave and responsible members of Congress. It is supposed to be proper to speak with respect of the constituted authorities; what shall we think, then, when we read of Mr. Farnsworth, of Illinois, who asserted his belief that "the President was a traitor to the party and the country, and that he was ready for any measure, however desperate, which would put the government into the hands of the rebels. What his schemes were he did not know, but he had been told on high authority that Mr. Seward had said that this Congress would never meet again until the Southern States were restored to their rights of representation in Congress."

Or of Mr. Boutwell, of Massachusetts, who said he "believed it to be beyond all doubt that a conspiracy was on foot to put the government into the hands of the rebels, and the President was a party to it. He had no doubt they contemplated a resort to force, because it was in the logic of events that they should do so. He believed Andrew Johnson to be just as thoroughly a traitor as Jeff Davis, and that nothing could save the country from destruction but the most prompt and effective preparations for every emergency. He believed an attempt would be made to force the rebels into Congress, and the Philadelphia Convention was part of the scheme. The battle, in effect, had already begun, and if resistance was not made, the President would take possession of the Capitol. Any such attempt must and would be resisted by force." (Mr. Boutwell's remarks were loudly applauded;)

Or of Mr. Ingersoll, of Illinois, who "denounced President Johnson as a traitor—a madman—in league with rebels and copperheads, and insisted on measures of precaution against his schemes."

THE CAUCUS AND THE CABINET.

Representative Raymond publishes a letter in his paper, the New York *Times*, respecting the political future, in which he alleges that the leading and reflecting radicals in Congress take the following view:

If the Fall elections result in the choice of Northern Democrats enough to constitute, when added to the members from the Southern States, a majority of the House, they assume that this majority, thus constituted, will claim to be the Congress, and will act accordingly, and that they will be recognized by the President as the body to which he will send his message and whose sessions he will, if the necessity should arise, protect by military force. They assert, on the other hand, that the Union members from the loyal States—if they constitute a majority from those States—will claim to be the only legal Congress, and will, if necessary, invoke an insurrection of the people to maintain them in that position. They do not in the least conceal their purpose, in the event of such a collision, to appeal to force, and to "drive the rival Congress, with the President and his Cabinet supporters, into the Potomac," to use the language of one of the ablest and most sincere of their number. If you will recall the remarks of Mr. Boutwell, of Massachusetts, in last week's first caucus, you will see this movement clearly foreshadowed, indeed avowed. He declared his belief that the use of *force* was rapidly approaching, and that we must be prepared to meet it. He acts, and all who co-operate with him in these measures profess to act, under the apprehension that the President intends to resort to force—that he means to disperse the present Congress on its re-assembling in December, if it refuses to admit the Southern members; and Mr. Farnsworth ascribes to Mr. Seward the declaration that this Congress should never reassemble unless the Southern members were admitted, in support of this belief. I need scarcely say that Mr. Seward never made any remark of the kind, nor that the project ascribed to the President is purely an invention, or at best the crazy dream of a political nightmare. But in either case it serves the same purpose. It covers, and is held to justify, the determination to arouse the North, and prepare for a resort to force, upon the assembling of the Fortieth Congress in extra or regular session; and this determination is avowed. And the resolution to which I have referred, for an organization of the militia and a distribution of arms in the Northern States, is the initial step to its execution.

The New York *Times* gives another version of Mr. Boutwell's remarks. It will be observed he still harps on the idea of a *coup d'etat*. It says:

"He (Mr. Boutwell) did not say he considered the President to be a traitor, nor did he speak of the President at all. What he said was, that he had been assured by a gentleman formerly high in authority that an attempt would be made to bring the rebels into Congress by force, and that he believed such an attempt would be just as clear an act of treason as that of which Jeff. Davis and his associates have been guilty, and he thought Congress ought to do something to defeat such an attempt. This correction is due Gov. Boutwell, who avoided any personal reference to the President."

The New York *Independent*, July 19, allows that—

"The Cabinet, considered as a unit, has been the accomplice of the President in betraying the nation. * * Meanwhile, signally on the record stands the painful fact that so-called Anti-Slavery men in the Cabinet have seen the negro struck at by the President again and again, and yet have not resigned; but the moment the President has put his hand on a machine known as the Republican organization, they make haste to pay that respect to party which they deny to principle. * * The cloak is thrown off from the shoulders of the Tennessee hypocrite. Thank God, the nation is no longer deceived by its President! Our foes are of our own household. On with the battle!"

The Boston *Right Way*, July 14th, has this warning:

"If, during the dispersion of Congress, preparations are made, unchecked and unwatched, for the threatened *coup d'état*, by which the Southern Senators and Representatives, with allies from the North, are to take possession of the Capitol at the opening of the next session, and are to be sustained in this act of violence by the military power of the Executive, while the rightful majority of Congress is a helpless body of a few unarmed men, will not this majority have its own negligence to thank for the disastrous issue? We do not anticipate these evils, if Congress will take the proper measure of prevention before its adjournment; but, *if it will not do so, the country and its loyal friends are in most serious danger.* * * *

"When Abraham Lincoln was on the Presidential watch-tower, he could be trusted to give faithful warning of national danger, and to summon, if needed, the National Legislature. But now the President is the very one through whom danger is to be especially feared; and can he be trusted to call Congress together for the express purpose of acting against himself? Yes, when a general will send notice to the opposing army, of an intended night attack—when wolves will rouse the shepherds to defend the flock against their assault."

THE ADMISSION OF TENNESSEE.

THE flag of the nation ought to hang at half-mast over the halls of the National Capitol, in commemoration of the dead courage of Congress. After a long session spent by one end of the avenue in fighting against the other, Congress at last surrenders Tennessee to the enemies of the negro. Both houses—first the lower, and then the upper—have agreed to the readmission of that State on the basis of denying to one class of her loyal citizens the political rights deemed indispensable by another. She ought to have been kept out, shivering, "in storm perpetual," rather than have been brought back on such terms of humiliation. But the humiliation is not to herself; it is to Congress, and the nation. A half-loyal white Tennessean, who cheers for the stars and stripes, and spits upon the negro, is awarded the ballot; but a whole-hearted black loyalist, who is true to liberty as the needle to the pole, is disfranchised; and a Congress of the Republican party is the arch-accomplice in the outrage. Of course, Sumner and Boutwell stand with clean hands; but the great majority of the Sanhedrim took sides with Herod. Once again, therefore, necessity is laid upon the radical few to fight the good fight against the compromising many. The old thirty years' battle is renewed for thirty years more!

OUR FUTURE.

GEN. GRANT'S recent order directing his army to protect the hunted loyalists of the South, is a confession how inadequate the sham of civil government there is for any good purpose. We add Gen. Sheridan's testimony on the downward course of Southern feeling; and the still more remarkable announcement of Gen. Sherman in his speech to the Yale students, that probably before thirty years have elapsed another and more terrible struggle may be expected.

WHAT GEN. SHERIDAN THINKS.—A correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial*, after saying that the hero of the Shenandoah and Five Forks proposes to keep entirely aloof from politics, gives a summary of his opinions as to the condition and mistakes of the South. It will be seen from the following extract that Sheridan, like our other military chiefs, impliedly favors the principles, if not all the measures, which "My Policy," and the Copperheads, and their new allies, Cowan, Doolittle & Co., pronounce radical and disorganizing:

"*He said there was an undoubted change for the worse in the attitude of the South within the last six months, and bad symptoms appeared to be increasing. It now looked as if these infatuated people were about once more to precipitate their own misfortune.* Nothing could have been more considerate than the disposition of the nation toward its defeated foes, even in the heat of passion and flush of victory, and had the rebels only manifested a temper correspondingly reasonable, as, indeed, was very natural to be expected after such chastisement, there could have been no further difficulty. The South evidently had no statesmen, else so plain a problem would not continue to be so bungled. For it should be clear that no class, once set free, can long remain disfranchised, and as they ought to have forestalled their foes in giving freedom to that class in war, so afterward common sense ought to have prompted at least the later prudence of making allies in peace of those with whom they are bound henceforth to live. Instead, however, it appeared certain the rebels had learned nothing from experience, and would, in fact, drive their only chance into unfriendly hands. The safety of the public peace and of the private rights of Union men in the South still required the mediation of a sufficient military force, and if called upon to give his testimony, it should be, the United States troops ought not yet to be removed from the South."

GEN. SHERMAN TO THE YALE STUDENTS.—The most prominent incident in Gen. Sherman's reception at New Haven on Friday took place on the College grounds, where he was received by the professors and students of the College *en masse*. He was introduced, among others, to the venerable ex-President Day, now the oldest living graduate of the College, and he made the following speech to the students:

"You are patriotic here, I suppose. This is a patriotic place. Let me tell you to love the Stars and Stripes. Look at the old flag as an object of religious reverence. As you go out into life, you will find opportunities enough to stand up for it—you may even have a chance to fight for it. *I tell you that before you pass from the stage there will be fighting, in comparison with which mine will seem slight.*"

MONTGOMERY BLAIR.

VERY *significant* is the language of Montgomery Blair at the Democratic Convention in Reading, Pa., so far, at least, as it reveals the plans of the Democratic party. Mr. Blair often tells the truth when it has ceased to be for his interest to hide it. He "predicted that should the Radicals carry the elections in October, the result would be the establishment of two Presidents and two Congresses; for the Radical sectional majority would then immediately impeach President Johnson and turn him out, *while on the other hand the Democratic members of Congress would unite with the regularly elected members from the South.*"

Compare this with the following from the Boston *Transcript*, citing the testimony of the New York *Times*:

Mr. Henry J. Raymond, editor of the New York *Times*, and representative in Congress from a New York district, writes to the journal he controls a letter arraigning the conduct of the party of which he is a dissatisfied "member." He is particularly severe on certain members of Congress who, in the Republican caucus, accused the Administration of an intention, in certain contingencies of the Autumn elections, of following the example of Louis Napoleon, and attempting a *coup d'état* on the assembling of the next Congress. Now Mr. Raymond is, in popular estimation, considered to be well informed as to the conspiracy, the mere announcement of a suspicion of which he denounces as a sign of an unsound mind; and in the very number of the journal in which his letter appears, one of his subordinates thus writes respecting what he calls the "logic of political events:"

At the caucus, Mr. Morrill of Vermont said he was willing to remain in session if it would do any good, but he thought we could very easily finish our business, and he was satisfied there was no reason for sitting till December. It was clear that no rebel Congress could be brought into power before next March, when this Congress would expire, but after that he was satisfied that the rebels would be brought in by fair means or foul, but we can do nothing about this until the time comes.

For this calamity, should it come, the present Congress will be directly and alone responsible. Such a misfortune will proceed logically from the blindness and infatuation of Radicalism. With the present Congress there is no merit in loyalty. Union members of Congress from Tennessee, Arkansas and Mississippi have been "kept out in the cold" for more than seven months. Congress is about to close its session, and except that the army is disbanded, we are as much at war with the South as we were in 1864. Congress obstructs instead of facilitating re-union. Southern States send some loyal representatives to Washington and Congress rejects them. It is not to be expected that the country will stand still. The whole South will send whoever they please to the next Congress. These representatives, uniting with Northern Democrats, will organize the next Congress. And this, we repeat, is the entertainment to which they have invited themselves. This is the music they must face—this the storm they sowed and the whirlwind they must reap.

In this article the New York *Times* announces editorially what its leading editor denies, namely, that the Southern representatives, uniting with Northern Democrats, will organize the next Congress. It is needless to say that, if the President recognizes this assembly as the Congress of the United States, he will inaugurate another civil war. The politicians with whom Mr. Raymond is leagued are capable of any political crime to carry out their purposes, and he is either a party to the conspiracy of which he professes to be ignorant, or the most innocent and unsuspecting of dupes.

Opinion of the Washington correspondent of the Boston *Commonwealth*:

Anything of this decided tone we cannot expect the present Senate to adopt. There are still too many in it swayed by the flesh-pots, who hope, by not passing any more obnoxious measures and adjourning early, to save some little patronage in their States. Those who hope thus will come to grief. If Congress adjourns without restricting the power of removal from office, everything will be swept by the board. This fight is a bitter one. By its own logic it must be "a war to the knife, and the knife to the hilt."

There are, of course, reasons pertinent enough to urge in favor of immediate adjournment. Foremost is the necessity of the presence of members in the home-campaign. It is as necessary to carry the fortieth Congress as it is to preserve the thirty-ninth. At least, this is the case from a certain stand point. Against this practical necessity, the advocates of non-adjourning have only to urge the possible and probable danger which may arise from the course of Mr. Johnson. Such a vague evil as this *seems* to be has never made much impression on the American people. They possess a chronic inability for believing evil of their public men. Hence it is that the revolutionary features of the present struggle are as much scouted as was the idea of armed revolution on the part of the South in the Summer of 1860. But though decided in caucus, for one I doubt such early adjournment as there proposed. Since Saturday night, "a change has come over the spirit of their dream," and many hesitate who were then decided. I understand Mr. Sumner to be strenuously opposed to so early an adjournment. He will oppose it earnestly. Gens. Logan and Butler, Robert Dale Owen, Gov. Hamilton of Texas, Messrs. Fowler and Stokes of Tenn., with others of our best and truest men out of Congress, who are now here, are very decided in the belief of the want of wisdom and forecast which will be displayed by such a result.

THE REPUBLICAN PARTY ASHAMED OF ITS SAINTS.—We print in capitals the names of the consistent and true-hearted men who stood by their own principles and the honor of the nation on the Tennessee admission vote. They deserve the heartiest thanks. What recognition they receive from their own party, our readers will judge from the extract we append from the Boston *Journal*:

As to the few Republicans who so earnestly endeavored to impose further conditions for securing impartial suffrage in Tennessee, their motives were in the highest degree commendable, but we could have wished that the final vote of all—as was the case with some—had shown that their judgment of the practical demands of the exigency coincided with that of the great organization to which they belong. No man, we are sure, who voted for this measure will ever regret it. We trust that the Senate will exhibit equal promptitude in its passage, and the President in giving it his signature.

THE Congressional barometer is falling. During the week ending July 24, it gave the following indications:

But 18 members were left over a quorum, and some were constantly leaving; so that not the slightest prospect existed for continuing the session till Winter, and protecting the country against executive treason. The proposition to adjourn, subject to call by the presiding officers of the two Houses, failed. And even the mild House resolution, adjourning to Oct. 2, and thence (if desired) to Dec. 1, is said to have "no chance" in the Senate. (Nevertheless, a proposal to raise the pay of members passed the latter body.)

A rebel Senator was pardoned, at the intercession of several prominent Republican Congressmen.

One of Mr. Johnson's Cabinet appointees was confirmed.

A resolution, providing for a committee to consider amending the Constitution so as to prevent the re-election of the President, was dropped by 71 to 42 in the House.

The belligerent *preamble* to the resolution admitting Tennessee long hung in the balance—for fear that the President might veto it!

A resolution directing payment of salaries to such Southern appointees of the Administration as were found unable to take the test-oath, was introduced into the Senate.

But the crowning treason of all—downright, outspoken treason to the eternal law of justice—treason to the party record and the party promise, was unfolded in the admission of the negro-disfranchising "State" of Tennessee, against only twelve Republican votes in the House, and two in the Senate—Thaddeus Stevens in the affirmative.

Not content with this, Mr. Stevens on the same day attempted to re-introduce the Reconstruction Committee's bill, admitting all the rebel States on the same terms as Tennessee.

The master-touch was put, however, to the evidences of gangrenous demoralization in Congress, by a provision in the Civil Appropriation bill, applying five millions of dollars to the *compensation of slaveholders for enlisted slaves.* Garret Davis of Kentucky bears the odium of its paternity; while Senator Edmunds of Vermont, tried ineffectually to oppose it. Henry Wilson contented himself with *amending* the seal of disgrace the 39th Congress thus sets on its brow.

THE ROLLS OF HONOR AND OF SHAME.

THE following members voted NAY on the resolution admitting Tennessee:

SENATE.

SUMNER, of Mass., and BROWN, of Mo.

HOUSE.

Messrs. ALLEY, BENJAMIN, BOUTWELL, ELIOT, HIGBY, JENCKES, JULIAN, KELLEY, LOAN, MCCULLOUGH, PAINE, WILLIAMS—12,

—all Republicans.

Messrs. *McDougall*, Cal., and *Buckalew*, Pa., Democrats, also voted against the resolution; but they did so on the expressed ground that they objected to the wording of the *preamble*, while they approved of the object of the resolution itself.

The following is the affirmative vote:

SENATE.

Messrs. Anthony, Chandler, Clark, Conness, Cowan, Creswell, Doolittle, Edmunds, Foster, Hendricks, Howard, Howe, Lane, Morgan, Morrill, Nesmith, Nye, Poland, Pomeroy, Sprague, Stewart, Trumbull, Van Winkle, Wade, Willey, Williams, Wilson, Yates—28.

HOUSE.

Messrs. Allison, Ames, Ancona, Anderson, Ashley of Nevada, Ashley of Ohio, Baker, Banks, Baxter, Bidwell, Bingham, Boyer, Bromwell, Buckland, Bundy, Clarke of Ohio, Clarke of Kansas, Cobb, Conkling, Davis, Dawes, Dawson, Defrees, Delano, Deming, Donnelly, Driggs, Eckley, Eggleston, Eldridge, Farnsworth, Farquhar, Ferry, Finck, Garfield, Glossbrenner, Harding of Kentucky, Harding of Illinois, Hart, Hogan, Holmes, Hooper, Hotchkiss, Hubbard of Iowa, Hubbard of West Virginia, Hubbard of Connecticut, Hubbell of Ohio, Hulburd, Humphrey, Ingersoll, Johnson, Kasson, Kerr, Ketchum, Koontz, Kuykendall, Laflin, Latham, Lawrence of Pa., Lawrence of Ohio, Lynch, Marston, McCullough, McRuer, Mercer, Miller, Morehead, Morrill, Morrow, Moulton, Myers, Newell, Niblack, Nicholson, Noell, Orth, Perham, Phelps, Pike, Plants, Price, Radford, Randall of Pa., Randall of Ky., Raymond, Rice of Mass., Rice of Me., Ritter

stead law, than the *solitude* of these boundless, glorious portions of Nature's most beautiful domain, and the *excess* of humanity upon the Atlantic shores. The wisdom—be it in the Executive, Legislative, or whatsoever department it may—which reconciles these wrongs and overcomes these unnatural conditions, will by future generations be indeed recognized as the true interpreter of Republican principles, and the true genius of American civilization.

The late conflict with treason has given this State a historical prominence not at all inferior to that of any of her Southern sisters, as there is scarcely a township within her borders which has not its record of war, and bears the imprint of her terrible hand.

It is true that the feelings of animosity between Loyalists and Rebels were far more bitter in the border States than farther South—and this in proportion to the certainty in each State of the extinction of slavery—and on account of this terrible hatred, which entered into every avenue of life, was the conflict more *severe*, and the struggle one of extermination and no quarter. One is most forcibly reminded of this fact in passing over the Northern Missouri Railroad, and particularly at Centralia, where, it will be remembered, in the summer of 1863, the miscreant Bill Anderson and his infamous crew entered the town, murdered the citizens who were known to have any loyal proclivities, awaited the coming of the up-bound train, which they captured, and then, burning the cars, arrayed the passengers in line, and shot down in cold blood eighty-four of their number, robbing the rest of all they possessed in the way of clothing and valuables. Then retiring to a Run a few miles distant, they awaited the onset of a body of troops which had come to the rescue of the train. Strangers to the country, and many of them raw recruits, this force were led into an ambush, and all killed but thirteen. The tales that are told in connection with this massacre, by parties who were present, exceed the horrors of the Indian murders, and could not be credited were they not sustained by unexceptionable evidence.

The eighty-four passengers were buried in one grave; and as you ride swiftly along the railroad, the spot is pointed out, as one of the mile-stones of the road that this grand and glorious people took to redeem their State and prove their loyalty.

A plain fence surrounds the remains, and marks the place of sepulture, and it is intended by the State—*should treason not yet prove triumphant*—to erect a monument befitting the occasion, and worthy of the cause for which their lives were sacrificed.

The brakesman of our train was acting in the same capacity upon the ill-fated one of 1863, and he said that, "when the leader, Anderson, calling him by a name which he never before took from mortal lips, told him to hold his horse, that it was the easiest work he ever performed, and that he did it the most readily—that he parted with his pocket book, coat and boots with the same readiness; that in fact he was willing—in the sight of this terrible butchery, and expecting every moment his fate to be the same—to do anything that he was ordered, and escape with his life." He told us of a citizen of the place, whom this ruffian leader ordered to go into his house, bring out his butcher-knives and sharpen them; then they were used in his presence to mutilate and murder those innocent passengers, and these were the instruments of his own destruction, one of the villains remarking as he struck him to the heart, "there, d—n you, you have sharpened the instrument of your own death."

These ruffians were nearly all hunted down afterwards by our troops and the Union men of the vicinity. The notorious Anderson, finding escape impossible, blew out his own brains, and but few are left of the horrid band; but there are a number still unhung, and their presence and participation in a conservative meeting held in the southern part of the State a few days since, over which Gen. Frank Blair presided, and which he addressed, is noticed by the St. Louis *Democrat* of last week. The presence of such parties is a fitting commentary upon the principles advocated by Gen. Blair, and the character of the assemblage. That it is even permitted, shows the point to which rebel audacity *dares* to carry its manifestations in this State, and is prophetic of the terrible conflict that must ensue in the coming election, when such an element is allowed to *exist*—much more, array itself actively against the true interests of the people.

The Fourth of July was celebrated generally in the large towns throughout the State; but in the country and smaller places it was a dangerous experiment to even hoist the Stars and Stripes. In Macon county a few of the Radicals determined upon a celebration; but when they assembled they found a majority of the crowd in favor of hoisting the rebel flag in place of the national ensign. Quite a struggle ensued, and finally truth triumphed. The Stars and Stripes went up, but a sentry had to be improvised and guard kept over the place during the day.

I was repeatedly warned by *friends* that I must not express my radicalism in Missouri, that the people would not submit to Northern ideas and "isms," and that my life would not be safe in the interior of the State. But, thank God, I have thus far escaped treason's malignity, and I am not conscious of having failed in any instance, wherever an opportunity offered, of expressing the most radical sentiments upon all subjects. But, with the exception of a few cases, there is the same spirit of terrorism growing up among the Union men that existed at the commencement of the late rebellion, and unless the State authorities sustain the cause with firm, unflinching hand, treason will again override all barriers, the registry law will become a dead letter, and Union men will be glad to escape with their lives.

VIATOR.

NOTES FROM ABROAD.

NO. II.

1 TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON, July 5, 1866.

To the Editor of the Standard:

DEAR SIR: I arrived in England on the morning of June 16th, and, after stopping a few hours in Liverpool, came to London, where I have been ever since. This is the most delightful season of the year to be in England. It is especially lovely in the country, where the fields are so green, the flowers so beautiful, and the whole aspect of the country so inviting, that it seems as if one would never wish to live anywhere else. To a lover of nature, a ride from Liverpool to London, by the day train, would be a treat indeed. The railway runs through a most delightful tract of country; farms are spread out on either side, and here and there the country-seat of one of the nobility intervenes, with its extensive pleasure-grounds, rows of neat-looking tenant-houses, and the mansion-house, grand and imposing, looming up in the rear. Now you see a gently-gliding stream, threading its way among the green fields, and spanned by a rustic bridge, which reminds one of the pictures you see of English scenery. Then you pass a canal station, with people and freight waiting for the canal-boat, which perhaps you may see approaching the bank. These scenes recur again and again, until at last, almost imperceptibly, the train glides into London and comes to a stand-still at the depot. A ride like that is infinitely more agreeable and profitable than looking at a series of landscape sketches on a hot day in the Royal Academy.

Old England is now in a ferment of agitation about the "Reform Bill," and the country is passing through a political crisis unparalleled in its history. As, of course you already know, the government, which represented the Liberal section of Parliament, were defeated on the night of June 18th, on a motion of Lord Dunkellin (Opposition), who proposed to base the right of franchise on rating instead of rental, which last was the preference of the government. This might appear at first sight to be rather a trivial matter—a mere question of *means* for bringing about the same end, and as not materially affecting the franchise itself; but Mr. Gladstone, in a speech in the House of Commons, clearly exposed this, by showing that it was only one of the series of tactics of the Opposition to eventually defeat the bill.

Mr. Gladstone proved that, from the time the bill was brought forward, its enemies have been making motion after motion, moving to strike out a clause here and a clause there, and endeavoring to tack on various amendments—all with the object of so entangling and clogging its operation, and destroying its vital portions, that it would finally be killed, or, if passed, be of no practical use whatever. Then, again, some fifty-nine members who were elected by Liberal constituencies turned traitors, and on several occasions voted with the Tories. These turn-coats are now technically and derisively known by the name of "Adullamites," which, you see, is very appropriate, and was given to them by Mr. Bright, I believe.

The government had determined to stand or fall with the Reform bill, and accordingly then, after the defeat of Monday night, when Lord Dunkellin's motion was carried by a majority of eleven, it was expected that the government would retire. This event was of course deplored by the great body of the English people, and various meetings have been held, some in the open air, and some in halls, to protest against the resignation of the government, and calling upon the Queen to dissolve the present Parliament. Of course, if Parliament could have been dissolved, the people would have "ousted" all the "Adullamites," and the Reform party would have been stronger than ever. The Queen was absent in Scotland at the time of the government defeat, and in the interval before her return all the Reform meetings adopted petitions praying Her Majesty not to accept the resignation of the ministers, and to dissolve Parliament; but they were unsuccessful. On the Queen's return to Windsor, on Tuesday, the 26th, she was immediately waited upon by Earl Russell and Mr. Gladstone, and in two hours from that time the government was no more. These two gentlemen laid before Her Majesty the reasons which had induced them to resign, and the Queen, after hearing those reasons, accepted the resignation. The speech of Mr. Gladstone in the House of Commons on the occasion of announcing the retirement of the Ministry (and which I send you by a newspaper), will give you the requisite explanations of the movements which led to it.

Of course the Tory party will come in for a short space of time, and then the Liberals will return to power stronger than ever before. Indeed, the people rather pity the Tories, who seem to have literally obtained "the elephant." The Earl of Derby, who is to be the new Premier, finds it rather up-hill work to form a ministry; but I believe he has at last succeeded. It is a *purely* Tory organization, the Whigs refusing to coalesce. Mr. Disraeli is to be Chancellor of the Exchequer. The leaders of the Opposition are subjected to ridicule and insult of every kind. At the volunteer review in Hyde Park on Saturday, June 23d, Lord Elcho, who is colonel of a rifle regiment, and who has made himself peculiarly obnoxious to the Liberal party, was surrounded by a crowd of people as he was leaving the Park at the head of his regiment, and jostled, hissed and groaned at till he reached his home. Even there the mob lingered, and the police had finally to interfere and restore order. A similar reception awaits every other prominent member of the Tory party, whenever they make themselves visible to the public. On one occasion Mr. Disraeli, when entering Palace Yard in a cab, on his way to the House, was surrounded by a crowd, who made a perfect Babel of noises, in spite of the efforts of the police. The hissing and groaning continued until the hon. gentleman (?) had arrived at the very door of Parliament. On the other hand, the Reform leaders, Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Bright and Earl Russell, are greeted with every demonstration of rejoicing whenever they appear, and at every mention of their names at a public meeting, the whole multitude give cheer after cheer. The first great open-air meeting, after the government defeat, was held in Trafalgar Square, and was in every respect an eminent success. Upwards of 20,000 people were present.

After the meeting was over, 7,000 to 8,000 people marched to Mr. Gladstone's house, in Carlton Gardens, and when, after repeated cheers for Mr. G., it was announced that he was not at home, then the assembly demanded that Mrs. Gladstone should appear. In a few minutes, this lady, accompanied by her two daughters, appeared upon the balcony, where she was greeted with the most deafening applause and cries of "Gladstone forever!" After bowing their acknowledgments, the ladies retired. The multitude then proceeded to the "Reform Club House," and after cheering the inmates, turned to the "Conservative Club," where they vented their indignation by hissings, etc., intermingled with cries of "Down with the Adullamites!" "Down with the Tories!" "Down with Lord Derby!" etc. After these demonstrations of approval and disapproval, the people dispersed. The Tories were alarmed at this affair, and made various complaints to Sir George Grey, the Home Secretary, and to Sir Richard Mayne, the Chief of Police, urging them to put a stop "to such proceedings"—that "London was being handed over to a mob," etc. Sir G. Grey refused to interfere, knowing that this very mob (so called) elected him. But the Chief of Police issued a circular forbidding any assemblage of people in an open space, with sundry warnings, etc. But the people were not to be intimidated. A meeting was appointed for Monday night, July 22d, in the same place (Trafalgar Square). Great anxiety was felt as to what would be the result; but everything passed off agreeably. No policemen whatever were visible except those ordinarily on duty in that quarter. To make it still more triumphant, a note was received by the Chairman of the meeting from Sir Richard Mayne, stating in substance that the meeting would *not* be interfered with. There were nearly 60,000 persons in attendance. Everybody was orderly, and no riotous proceedings were manifest. Three different meetings were in progress at the same time. I send you the papers containing accounts of all these meetings, which will give you a better idea than I can possibly convey.

Thus is reform going on in England. Steadily and surely the obnoxious laws of the kingdom are being swept away, and in future days the names of the patient workers, Gladstone, Bright and Mill, will shine with a brilliancy never to be dimmed.

I have not been sight-seeing much, since I have seen most of the sights at my former visit to this country, and can visit them again more leisurely. At some future time I will give you a sketch of what I have seen, but this letter is too long, and I must close.

Very truly yours, P.

Our Boston Correspondence.

BOSTON, July 23, 1866.

MR. BENJAMIN F. ROBERTS, a printer of this city, gave an address last evening in the Anderson street Methodist church, on the social, civil and political condition of the colored people of Boston for forty years past; that is to say, going back to a period preceding the commencement of the *Liberator* and the Anti-Slavery enterprise by Mr. Garrison. The speaker introduced his subject by remarking, very justly, that those who complain of neglect on the part of the colored people to profit by the improvement of our laws and customs in relation to them, should, in justice, remember the very recent date of these improvements, and the fact that all of them were resisted by a considerable proportion of the community.

Forty years ago, the names of 362 colored persons appeared in the Boston Directory, printed in a list by themselves. Nine of the persons thus named are still living here. The opprobrium of distinguishing this class as a separate one was discontinued in 1849, shortly after the late Mr. George Adams became the proprietor and publisher of the Directory, and through his perception of the meanness and injustice of this separation.

Forty years ago, two distinguished and highly venerated black ministers, Rev. Thomas Paul and Rev. Samuel Snowden, were still living in Boston. Both were eminent for zeal and good works. The latter always introduced into his "long prayer" on Sundays the petition that God would bless and prosper "Her Majesty's cruisers," who were striving to capture slave ships on the coast of Africa.

At the same time there lived here that very remarkable man, David Walker, who wrote a fiery "Appeal" to his colored brethren, urging them to stand on their defence, and maintain their own rights by the sword against the tyranny of the white race.

Oppressive laws against the colored people then existed in Massachusetts. They were not allowed to be soldiers, nor to marry white people, nor to ride with them in carriages, nor to sit with them in churches, nor to work with them at mechanical trades, nor to share instruction with them in the public schools. Voting by them, though not prohibited, was strongly discouraged, and in fact they voted very little until a subsequent period, when a nearly equal division of the Whig and Democratic parties made it desirable to the leaders of those parties to obtain their votes.

The infamous scheme of the Colonization Society was then high in popular favor. The clergy all gave their aid to it, and annual collections were taken in the churches for its support, most of the givers no doubt thinking it a worthy and beneficent enterprise. Not until 1832 did Mr. Garrison publish his admirable "Thoughts on African Colonization," and it was many years before the truths there stated were recognized by any considerable portion of the people.

Thirty-five years ago, the movement which was to change all this was set in motion by William Lloyd Garrison, though a long time was yet to pass before the changes were actually made. These changes came by slow degrees, one after another, and each requiring an active contest, and laborious and persistent struggles, between 1836 and 1852.

The city of Boston did not concede the right of the equal admission of colored children to the free public schools, until a suit at law was brought to maintain it. This suit was brought by Mr. Benjamin F. Roberts in behalf of his own child, and was successfully argued by Charles Sumner and Robert Morris, Esqrs. The latter is still a practitioner at the Boston bar, and is now a Justice of the Peace for the county of Suffolk. Three other colored lawyers practice in Boston, and there are five colored ministers. Two colored men have lately been drawn and acted as jurors here, one in the Supreme Judicial Court, under Chief-Justice Bigelow. There are also two independent black military companies. The law interfering with the marriage of colored people was long since abolished, and their rights as passengers in the street and horse cars are now fully admitted. The churches, the theatres, and the hotels (with a few honorable exceptions in each case) still stand out against the accommodation of colored people on equal terms with others, even in Boston. The colored population here now number about two thousand. They are a sober, quiet, industrious and well-behaved class, and have always shown great zeal and energy in the defence of their less fortunate Southern brethren.

We have had two fatal cases of cholera in Boston. Who knows how many you have had in New York?

The cash contributions here, so far, for the sufferers by the Portland fire, are over $122,000.

NORTH.

BOSTON, July 24, 1866.

To the Editor of the Standard:

SIR: I notice in the last STANDARD that your Boston Correspondent, in a very kind and agreeable notice of the Reception given by the Committee on Teachers of the New England Freedmen's Aid Society to their teachers just returned from the South,—has unintentionally fallen into the error of making the Committee on Teachers announce that THREE hundred dollars will maintain a teacher for a year. *Five* hundred dollars is what is required for that purpose; and while we thank your correspondent for his exhortation to a liberal contribution to meet the wants of this great enterprise, so vital to the best interests of the whole country as well as of the Freedmen, it is important that all who have the heart to give should know how much is wanted to make their benefaction a success. With cordial regards to you personally,

I am very truly yours,

ROBERT F. WALLCUT.

LITERARY.

NEW PHYSIOGNOMY: or Signs of Character, as manifested through the temperament and external form, and especially in "the human face divine." By Samuel R. Wells, Editor of the Phrenological Journal and Life Illustrated. With more than 1,000 illustrations. 8vo. pp. 768. New York: Fowler & Wells.

The estimate of this book will depend largely upon preconceived opinions of Phrenology and Physiognomy. These sciences do not yet command the respect and investigation they merit. Very many persons still scoff at the idea of discerning the inner spiritual life and purpose by the external contour of the head and the corresponding signs upon the face. Such have measured the subject superficially. They take a few general principles—that a large head indicates good intellect—a large nose strength of character—full eyes a ready use of language—and apply these without studying the various modifications of quality and harmony that are to be considered. They meet a person who contradicts, as they suppose, these theories, and forthwith condemn them as unreliable humbugs. But this failure on their part only serves to prove that we cannot correctly interpret human nature except by careful study and close investigation of these general principles. We are all intuitive phrenologists unconsciously to ourselves. But only as this faculty is developed in the light of intelligent, natural laws, do we find it fully reliable.

Mr. Wells has given us in this elaborate treatise, which is tastily printed and profusely illustrated, the most entertaining and instructive book yet published on the subject. It presents, not the opinions of an enthusiast, but the clear, earnest, logical conclusions of one who, by patient study and untiring devotion, has wrought out a theory which can be reduced to practical service. Some points which are not fully decided are frankly admitted. It is not claimed that the science is entirely completed. The field of investigation is boundless.

In the opening chapters, the authority of the ancients is given and shown in the main to be of mere fanciful speculation. Baptista Porta, who printed a treatise at Naples in 1598, is considered to be the founder of modern physiognomy. In 1778 appeared "the magnificent but in some respects fanciful work of the celebrated Lavater," entitled "Physiognomical Fragments for the Promotion of the Knowledge and Love of Mankind." In our own day, Alexander Walker in England, De La Sarthe in France, and James W. Redfield in the United States, are referred to as authors on works of Physiognomy. The systems of Lavater, Mr. Walker, and Dr. Redfield are presented at considerable length with numerous illustrations. Our author neither indorses nor controverts these systems but leaves the reader to judge for himself of their merits, as compared with his own, to which the remaining interesting chapters of the book are devoted.

After explaining the general principles upon which he bases his theory, and classifying the temperaments, he treats of "General Forms." Faces he divides into three classes—oblong, round, and pyriform. Persons with the oblong form of face "are naturally vigorous, active, energetic, and impassioned, and possess strongly marked characters." Of this type were Andrew Jackson and Oliver Cromwell. Round-faced persons are described as "ardent, impulsive, versatile, and often fickle." "They usually have more elasticity than firmness, more diligence than persistence, more brilliancy than depth." The pyriform, or conical face is "the literary, the artistic, and especially the poetic form." There are of course innumerable modifications of these three typical forms of face.

A familiar chapter on Phrenology is next introduced, and then follows one on the anatomy of the face, with a close analysis of each particular feature. First, the chin. No one will dispute Mr. Wells as to the infinite variety of chins; but we are sure many will be startled to hear that this unpretending terminus of the face has been quietly telling their love secrets. But this is not the only story it tells; will and determination, scorn and contempt, and (perhaps) the faculty of economy are all reflected on it. The jaws and teeth also tell their own tales of character, and motionless lips are shown to be often the most eloquent. "The closest mouth can hide no secrets from the Physiognomist."

Persons with large mouths may be consoled by knowing that they "indicate more character than small ones." But here, as in all other cases, quality is to be considered. By the variation of these muscles of the mouth, jealousy, contempt, approbativeness, firmness, self-esteem, mirthfulness, gravity and self-control find expression.

The nose being a prominent feature, forty-one pages are required to do justice to its characteristics. It is estimated as a measure of development. The Roman nose is the executive, energetic, the powerful, and the power-loving nose. The Greek nose indicates refinement. The Jewish nose denotes acquisitiveness and the commercial spirit. It is said that many well-developed specimens of it may be seen on Chatham street, New York. The snub nose indicates undevelopment; the celestial nose, inquisitiveness. A variety of illustrations are given of combinations from this classification; cogitative, apprehensive, combative, defensive, irritable, aggressive, contrasted, tasteful, intellectual, secretive, confiding, acquisitive, and economical noses. Women at the present day are thought to have "by no means too much nose"—a good reason, our author thinks, for extending to them greater opportunity for development. Each nation has its peculiar, characteristic nose. We rejoice to know that the American type compares favorably with the others.

The next important feature is the eye. Dark eyes indicate power—light ones delicacy. They are shown to speak all languages; to languish with love, glow with passion, gleam with hate, sparkle with mirth, flash with anger, melt with pity, light up with joy, or be darkened in sorrow.

Even the cheeks have their characteristic language. If you have high cheek bones—certainly no mark of beauty—be comforted. Perhaps you have never discovered your calling; but you are allied by nature to the medical profession.

"In the forehead, Physiognomy becomes partially merged in Phrenology."

Large ears indicate a large heart, and correspond with the democratic element of character; small ears typify aristocratic natures. As might be expected, leading reformers have large ears. Among those instanced, are the names of William Lloyd Garrison, Isaac T. Hopper, and Horace Greeley.

There are signs of character also in the hair, the hands, feet, the voice and the walk.

The remaining chapters of this suggestive book consist of The Physiognomy of Insanity; Idiocy—its causes and peculiarities; Fighting Physiognomies, with examples; Effects of Climate on Character; Ethnology, or Types of Mankind; National Types, with portraits; The Physiognomy of Classes Illustrated; Contrasted Faces—how we change; Transmitted Physiognomies Illustrated; Love Signs in the Lips, Chin, and Eyes; Signs of Health and Disease; Curious Changes of Countenance; Grades of Intelligence, human and animal; Animal Heads, with remarkable contrasts; Comparative Physiognomy Illustrated; Graphomancy and Chiromancy; Exercises in Expression Illustrated; The Great Secret of Human Beauty; Childhood—remarkable effects of training; Character-Reading, with illustrative examples; and Interesting Miscellaneous Addenda.

We do not affirm that the authority of Mr. Wells is to be accepted as infallible, but we lay his work aside with the feeling that many might be profited by a careful perusal of its pages, and even the confirmed skeptic could not fail of being entertained.

THE CHRISTIAN EXAMINER contains, God in our History, Fichte, The character of Dante, Rückert, The Method of Christian Charity, Miss Martineau's History of England, The National Academy of Design, Ecce Homo, Review of Current Literature.

Ticknor and Fields have issued the seventh thousand of Gail Hamilton's spicy volume, "Summer Rest." It is brilliant and bold, amusing and instructive, even beyond the former works of the same author.

The nineteenth volume of the Correspondence of Napoleon the First is curious, as showing how much Bonaparte undervalued the abilities of his future conqueror, the Duke of Wellington, and of the army of the Peninsula.

The new edition of the King of Saxony's German translation of Dante has been completed by the publication of the third volume, "Das Paradies." His Majesty's annotations (Kritische and Historische Erlauterungen von Philalethes) place the royal commentator in the first rank of Dante Scholars.

The article on "Ecce Homo," in the *Quarterly Review*, is attributed to Archdeacon Wordsworth, that in the current number of the *Month* is by Dr. Newman, and the one in the May number of the *Contemporary Review* by the Rev. T. Vaughan.

ART ITEMS.

That microscopic marvel of art, from the Le Carpentier collection, a cherry-stone upon which is carved a charge of cavalry, which was so much admired at the Exhibition in the Champs Elysées, was sold last week by auction at the Hotel Drouet in Paris for nearly nine hundred and twenty francs.

It is proposed to erect a statue to the memory of Lord Palmerston in one of the approaches to the House of Parliament, by public subscription, each subscription to be limited to £5, but smaller sums, according to the means of those subscribing, to be admissible.

A very fine marble bust of Dr. Lowell Mason is now on exhibition at Tiffany's. It is full of life and expression, and is the work of a young and rising sculptor, Mr. T. H. Bartlett.

Leutze is painting a portrait of Grant, representing the general holding a scrap of paper on his knee on which he is printing the famous dispatch, "I mean to fight it out on this line, if it takes all Summer."

Among the American artists now in Paris are the following: Mr. Edward H. May, Mr. Frank Howland, Mr. F. B. Mayer (a picture by whom is shortly expected here), Mr. Diehl, of Chicago; Mr. Bacon and Mr. Wright, of Boston; Mr. Wilmarth and Mr. Bridgman, of Brooklyn; Miss Gove, and some other lady students.

CONGRESS AND WASHINGTON.

THE death of the late Senator Lane of Kansas was announced in the Senate on Wednesday, July 18, and the usual resolutions of respect were adopted.—The new Tariff bill, reported on July 16 from the Committee of Ways and Means, was taken up and, after an ineffectual attempt to lay upon the table, was passed, 88 to 24.—The bill limiting the number of Supreme Court Judges to 7 passed the House; and, while a veto was expected on it, it was signed by the President on the 23d.—Thursday, July 19, the Senate rejected the nomination of Gov. Holden of North Carolina, as Minister to San Salvador.—Mr. Sherman's bill reducing the rate of interest on the public debt and funding the same was passed in an amended form.—The bill reviving the grade of General was passed and goes to the President for signature.—The bill to relieve the sufferers by the fire at Portland, Me., passed against 18 negative votes, influenced by a dislike to set such a precedent.—The House passed the bill granting lands to aid in the construction of a railroad and telegraph line from the Central Pacific Railroad in California to Portland, Oregon.—The report of the Committee on the Fry-Conkling matter reported unanimously in full favor of Mr. Conkling, exonerating him from all the charges in question. Report adopted, 96 to 4.—A dispatch received from Gov. Brownlow, announcing that the Legislature of Tennessee had ratified the Constitutional Amendment, created a sensation.—An effort was made by Mr. Bingham to provide for the immediate representation of Tennessee in Congress. The Union party was divided in sentiment, Mr. Stevens and others earnestly opposing it. After a spirited debate and some shrewd parliamentary sparring it was left undecided till Friday, July 20, when a change of tactics was effected and the joint resolution admitting Tennessee was adopted, 125 to 12. Mr. Stevens voted finally in the affirmative. Mr. Boutwell placed himself right on the record by an earnest protest against it, voting in the negative. His speech in behalf of universal suffrage was able and eloquent. Mr. Higby of California urged also the danger of admitting the Representatives of a State into Congress, where two-thirds of the male population were disfranchised.—On the 20th, in the Senate, a bill was introduced by Mr. Poland, and referred to the Judiciary Committee, to prevent rebels using the courts as a means of persecuting loyalists. In civil action, the plaintiff's participation in the rebellion, or pardon by the President, shall make a sufficient case in favor of the defendant.—On the 20th, also, Mr. Stevens presented a bill similar to the one reported by the Reconstruction Committee, for the admission of the rebel States. On motion of Judge Kelley, it was tabled, 96 to 37.—Mr. Stevens' resolution to have Congress adjourn until the 1st of December, giving the presiding officers of the two houses authority to call Congress together in case of an emergency, called out a long debate on the constitutionality of the question, but failed by a large majority. Democrats are in haste to adjourn but the radical Republicans are reluctant.—On the 21st, Mr. Conkling's resolution, providing for an adjournment to the 2d of October, and then to the 1st of December, was adopted in the House.—On the 21st, the Senate, after a long cross-manœuvering in various directions, substituted for the preamble of the House resolution readmitting Tennessee, another, which states explicitly the power of Congress over the subject. This was strongly opposed by Mr. Sherman, who feared it might irritate the President into another veto. Finally, the resolution, as amended, was adopted, 28 to 4. Two Democrats, who objected to the preamble, and Messrs. Sumner and Brown, who would not admit any State denying suffrage to her colored citizens, composed the minority. The Senate's amendment was concurred in by the House on the 23d. On the 21st, Mr. Rousseau, after much angry grumbling on his part, received from the Speaker the public reprimand adjudged him by the House for his assault on Mr. Grinnell. R. attempted to escape the reprimand by resigning his seat. It is reported that, after failing therein, he, unsuccessfully, attempted to recall his resignation.—On the 23d, in the Senate, Mr. Davis's amendment, which appropriates $5,000,000 to compensate "loyal" slaveholders for slaves enlisted by the United States, was tacked on to the Civil Appropriation bill. Mr. Edmunds vainly spoke against the proposal, saying that slaveholders were entitled to no compensation.—Mr. Chandler introduced a resolution directing that Southern appointees of the Administration who could not take the oath, be nevertheless paid their salaries.—The last prospects of the Bankrupt bill for this season were annihilated by a vote of 17 to 14.—Judge Stansberry, nominated by the President to be Attorney-General, was confirmed.—The ministerial appointment of Gov. Johnson was rejected, while that of A. K. Randall to the Postmaster-Generalship is certainly expected to be confirmed.—In the House, resolutions favoring captured Fenians were passed, 102 against 2.—A motion for a special committee, to take charge of amendments to the Constitution, forbidding the re-election of Presidents, failed by 71 to 42.—Both houses resolved to hold evening sessions.—On the 24th, in the Senate, a joint resolution, placing colored soldiers enlisted out from a state of slavery on the same footing regarding bounties as those who were free at the time of their enlistment, was passed. It goes to the House.—Likewise one of the numerous army bills.—The "Little" Tariff bill of the House was amended, passed, and returned to the House. It is a temporary expedient for revenue, to bridge over the Summer, until the various Protection questions can be satisfactorily settled.—An effort to glue the Bounty Equalization scheme on to the Civil Appropriation bill, failed.—Calls for the Yeas and Nays being hushed up, a resolution raising the pay of members of Congress was rushed through the Senate by Riddle of Delaware.—The Senate sat till 11.30 p.m.—In the House, a message of the President, giving his assent to the resolution admitting Tennessee, under protest, was received, and Messrs. Stokes, Maynard and Taylor, of that State, were sworn in as representatives.—The House dissented from the Senate amendments to the Tariff bill.

MARRIED.

GAETZ—CAREY.—In Boston, 12th inst., at the residence of the Right Rev. Bishop Williams, Mr. ARNOLD J. GAETZ, of New York, to ELLEN L. CAREY, of Halifax, N. S.

PEARSON—HARWOOD.—In East Boston, 8th inst., by Rev. W. H. Cudworth, Mr. WILLIAM E. PEARSON to Miss MARY E. HARWOOD.

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During this long period they have manufactured a vast number of instruments of all styles; AND WHEREVER THEY HAVE BEEN EXHIBITED IN COMPETITION WITH THE INSTRUMENTS OF OTHER MAKERS, THEY HAVE INVARIABLY TAKEN THE HIGHEST PREMIUM.

THE LAST TRIUMPH OF CARHART & NEEDHAM.

At the Fair of the American Institute held in New York in 1865, Carhart & Needham received the *Special Gold Medal* over all other reed instruments in competition. The judges were Dr. Wm. Berge, C. B. eSymour (critic of the N. Y. *Times*), Thomas Appleton, organ builder of Boston, George Gardine, organ builder of New York, and Dr. E. Ringer, an expert.

EXTRACTS FROM THE SEVERAL REPORTS OF THE JUDGES:

From report of Dr. Wm. Berge.

"The quality of the tone is the best I have ever heard; and the number of stops surpassed my expectations. The delicacy of *touch* and the quickness of *speech* are remarkable. I consider the Parlor Organ of Carhart & Needham to be the best on exhibition, and entitled to the highest award of the Institute."

From the report of C. B. Seymour.

"The undersigned thinks it proper to suggest that Carhart & Needham should receive a Special First Premium for their large Parlor Organ."

From report of Thomas Appleton.

"No. 526 is the best for, 1st, It contains more reeds and of greater variety than any other. 2d. The reeds are placed above the key-board, thereby allowing a greater volume of sound to be heard. 3. The successful application of the swell which makes this instrument resemble the church organ more nearly than any previous arrangement. 4th. The voicing of the reeds is remarkable, and in the smoothness and quality of tone they resemble pipes more than reeds. *The instrument is undoubtedly superior to any ever before constructed with reeds.*"

From the report of George Jardine.

"Carhart & Needham were the first in the world to discover and demonstrate that vibrating tongues or reeds can descend lower in the bass with the very finest quality of tone, rich, round and full, of quick articulation and free from *windiness*, right down to the 32 feet tone of C. C. CC."

From report of Dr. Ringer.

"No. 526 is the best for its superior softness, evenness and power of tone, being less reedy than in any instrument I have examined. 2d. For the great number of keys of different character of tone, which give the player an almost inf

Miscellaneous Department.

IN ABSENCE.

BY PHŒBE CARY.

Watch her kindly, stars—
From the sweet protecting skies
Follow her with tender eyes;
Look so lovingly that she
Cannot choose but think of me;
Watch her kindly, stars!

Soothe her sweetly, night—
On her eyes, o'erwearied, press
The tired lids with light caress;
Let that shadowy hand of thine
Ever in her dreams seem mine;
Soothe her sweetly, night!

Wake her gently, morn—
Let the notes of early birds
Seem like love's melodious words;
Every pleasant sound, my dear,
When the stars from sleep should hear;
Wake her gently, morn!

Kiss her softly, winds—
Softly, that she may not miss
Any sweet, accustomed bliss;
On her lips, her eyes, her face,
Till I come to take your place;
Kiss and kiss her winds!

—*Galaxy.*

SELF HELP.

"As steady application to work is the healthiest training for every individual, so is it the best discipline of a State. Honorable industry travels the same road with duty; and Providence has closely linked both with happiness. 'The gods,' says the poet, 'have placed labor and toil on the way leading to the Elysian fields.' Certain it is, that no bread eaten by man is so sweet as that earned by his own labor, whether bodily or mental. By labor the earth has been subdued, and man redeemed from barbarism; nor has a single step in civilization been made without it. Labor is not only a necessity and a duty, but a blessing: only the idler feels it to be a curse. The duty of work is written on the thews and muscles of the limbs, the mechanism of the hand, the nerves and lobes of the brain,—the sum of whose healthy action is satisfaction and enjoyment. In the school of labor also is taught the best practical wisdom; nor is a life of manual employment incompatible with high mental culture." Thus writes Mr. Smiles, in his new edition of "Self Help," a work which ought to be found in every working-class library; forming, as it does, a stirring record of the feats which have been accomplished by the exercise of indomitable perseverance and unfaltering earnestness. The lesson to be learned from the book is, that there is no position so obscure, or station so lowly, but that a man can rise from them, if he so will it, to better things. Mr. Smiles gives several instances of this. "Among those who have given the greatest impulse to the sublime science of astronomy we find Copernicus, the son of a Polish baker; Kepler, the son of a German public-house keeper, and himself *garcon de cabaret;* D'Alembert, a foundling picked up one winter's night on the steps of the church of St. Jean le Rond, at Paris, and brought up by the wife of a glazier; and Newton and Laplace, the one the son of a small freeholder near Grantham, the other the son of a poor peasant of Beaumont-en-Auge, near Honfleur. Notwithstanding their comparatively humble circumstances in early life, these distinguished men achieved a solid and enduring reputation by the exercise of their genius, which all the wealth in the world could not have purchased. The very possession of wealth might, indeed, have proved an obstacle greater even than the slender means to which they were born. The father of Legrange, the astronomer and mathematician, held the office of Treasurer of War at Turin; but having ruined himself by speculations, his family were reduced to poverty. To this circumstance Lagrange was in after life accustomed partly to attribute his own fame and happiness. 'Had I been rich,' said he, 'I should probably not have become a mathematician.'" Again, take the case of the late Mr. Heathcote, formerly M.P. for Tiverton, the inventor of the bobbin-net machine: "When a little over twenty-one years of age, Heathcote married, and went to Nottingham in search of work. He there found employment as a smith and 'setter-up' of hosiery and warp-frames. He also continued to pursue the subject on which his mind had before been occupied, and labored to compass the contrivance of a twist traverse-net machine. He first studied the art of making the Buckingham or pillow-lace by hand, with the object of effecting the same motions by mechanical means. It was a long and laborious task, requiring the exercise of great perseverance and no little ingenuity. During this time his wife was kept in almost as great anxiety as himself. She well knew of his struggles and difficulties; and she began to feel the pressure of poverty on her household; for while he was laboring at his invention he was under the necessity, occasionally, of laying aside the work that brought in the weekly wages. In years long after, when all difficulties had been successfully overcome, the conversation which took place between husband and wife, one Saturday evening, was vividly remembered: 'Well, John,' said the anxious wife, looking in her husband's face, 'will it work?' 'No, Anne,' was the sad answer; 'I have had to take it all in pieces again.' Though he could still speak hopefully and cheerfully, his poor wife could restrain her feelings no longer, but sat down and cried bitterly. She had, however, only a few more weeks to wait; for success, long labored for and richly deserved, came at last; and a proud and happy man was John Heathcote when he brought home the first narrow strip of bobbin-net made by his machine, and placed it in the hands of his wife."

The true self-helper is not deterred by failure. As Mr. Smiles justly observes: "We learn wisdom from failure much more than from success. We often discover what *will* do, by finding out what will not do; and probably he who never made a mistake, never made a discovery. It was the failure in the attempt to make a sucking pump act, when the working bucket was more than thirty-three feet above the surface of the water to be raised, that led observant men to study the law of atmospheric pressure, and opened a new field of research to the genius of Galileo, Torricelli, and Boyle. John Hunter used to remark that the art of surgery would not advance until professional men had the courage to publish their failures as well as their successes. Watt, the engineer, said of all things most wanted in mechanical engineering was a history of failures. "We want," he said, "a book of blots." When Sir Humphrey Davy was once shown a dexterously manipulated experiment, he said, "I thank God I was not made a dexterous manipulator; for the most important of my discoveries have been suggested to me by failures." Another distinguished investigator in physical science has left it on record that, whenever in the course of his researches he encountered an apparently insurmountable obstacle, he generally found himself on the brink of some discovery." Concerning a well-known common error, Mr. Smiles tells us that "It has been a favorite fallacy with dunces in all times, that men of genius are unfitted for business, as well as that business occupations unfit men for the pursuits of genius. The unhappy youth who committed suicide a few years since because he had been 'born to be a man and condemned to be a grocer,' proved by the act that his soul was not equal even to the dignity of grocery. For it is not the calling that degrades the man, but the man that degrades the calling. All work that brings honest gain is honorable, whether it be of hand or mind. The fingers may be soiled, yet the heart remain pure; for it is not material so much as moral dirt that defiles: greed far more than grime, and vice than verdigris. The greatest have not disdained to labor honestly and usefully for a living, though at the same time aiming after higher things. Thales, the first of the seven sages, Solon, the second founder of Athens, and Hyperates, the mathematician, were all traders. Plato, called the Divine, by reason of the excellence of his wisdom, defrayed his travelling expenses in Egypt by the profits derived from the oil which he sold during his journey. Spinoza maintained himself by polishing glasses while he pursued his philosophical investigations. Linnæus, the great botanist, prosecuted his studies while hammering leather and making shoes. Shakspeare was the successful manager of a theatre,—perhaps priding himself more upon his practical qualities in that capacity than on his writing of plays and poetry. Pope was of opinion that Shakspeare's principal object in cultivating literature was to secure an honest independence. Indeed, he seems to have been altogether indifferent to literary reputation. It is not known that he superintended the publication of a single play, or even sanctioned the printing of one; and the chronology of his writings is still a mystery. It is certain, however, that he prospered in his business, and realized sufficient to enable him to retire upon a competency to his native town of Stratford-upon-Avon." These are lessons upon which working-men should carefully ponder; for their real deliverance from the evils, both social and physical, which afflict them is to be found in the proper application of the principles of the world-old doctrine, that God helps those who help themselves.

OUR NEIGHBOR'S INCOME.

A PROPOSAL to restrain the publication of returns to the Income-tax has, it appears, just been thrown out in the American Congress, though by a very insignificant majority; so the curiosity with which every citizen of public spirit regards the income of every other citizen may continue to be as freely gratified as it deserves to be. The dreadful uproar which would certainly follow any attempt to give a similar satisfaction to a similar curiosity in Great Britain may be very easily imagined, and the contrast of feeling on the subject is one of those many minor differences which separate our own from the American character.

There is nothing about which an ordinary Englishman, and still more an ordinary Scotchman, is more reserved than the amount of his income. He would rather let you into the secret of the family skeleton than hint with truth how much money he is making every year. The notion of having this printed, and published in a book to which anybody who ever heard his name might have access, would make him uncontrollably furious, in spite of the great compensation he would have in being able to find out how much money everybody else was making every year. Yet it is not to be denied that he is not by any means dead to all curiosity as to the measure of his neighbor's prosperity. And, to a certain extent, there is some sort of moral justification for what at first seems a sheer piece of prying impertinence. For the knowledge of a man's income is one guide to the knowledge of his character. If his income is of his own earning, and not inherited, its amount is the measure of his industry and perseverance, of his judgment, foresight and general ability. Along with other things, it serves as a rough index of his success in making the best of himself and his chances. Then again, whether he has earned it by the sweat of his own brow, or inherited it without this trouble, it is an excellent test of many of the most important virtues which enter into character.

If you know how much a man earns or receives, you have some means of judging whether he is stingy or prudent, whether he is unjustly profuse or wisely generous, whether he has an eye to the contingencies of the future or is leaving the future to take care of itself in order that he may snatch full enjoyment of the present. Besides all this, it is your neighbor's income which is in some sort the measure of the value of your own. A comparison of the two discloses the rate of material progress at which each is advancing, and, without any ill-conditioned rivalry, this is very interesting to everybody who has not such a stock of the Aristotelian virtue of high-mindedness as to be confident of his own towering superiority over all the rest of the world without troubling himself with any investigation of the details of the subject.

An American may seize the admission both that there is this curiosity, and that, on the whole, it is not altogether indefensible, and proceed to argue that the religious dimness with which we all surround the amount of incomes is only a part of that half morbid, half sly reserve which is commonly thought by ignorant strangers to be an exhaustive account of the national character. But there is something to be said on the other side. Is it not possible that a man hates talking freely about his income for the same reason that he hates talking freely about anything else which concerns nobody very much but himself, from a dread of exhibiting one of the most offensive kinds of egotism? He thinks perhaps that a richer man than himself does not care one straw about the subject, while a poorer man is rather aggrieved. And even the richer man may be annoyed that his friend should be likely to run him close, because not even the best of men is absolutely unwilling to think himself a shade better off in worldly goods than his acquaintance. The dread of intruding your own affairs on other people, which is one of the most respectable characteristics of the Briton, applies particularly when they are money affairs. And, by a reasonable inference, he dreads the intrusion of other people in his affairs, throwing himself back on the ancient saw that, as an Englishman's house is his castle, so is his income.

But usage has probably more to do with the reserve on this point than any subtle moral considerations, or any deep-lying national qualities. In India, for instance, there is what seems an amazing frankness as to the amount of incomes. A European will tell you, without a question, exactly how many rupees a month he receives. For this, however, there is a reason. The most prominent and numerous class of Anglo-Indians are in the public service, and the salary of even the most exalted among them can be discovered with the utmost nicety, on reference to an official directory, by anybody who cares to know. Parents and guardians, and anxious mammas with daughters and marriageable consignments from England, have an infallible guide-book through the crafty mazes of the suitor. No inextricable social embarrassment that we are aware of follows upon this publicity, any more in India than in the United States. And it has its advantages, which would scarcely vanish if the practice could be generally introduced at home. If every man's income were published, it would, to begin with, act in the same way as the compulsory use of the word "limited" after the title of the joint-stock companies established on that principle. It would be a guide to tradesmen as to the amount of credit which they might safely give: though, indeed, from cases which occasionally come before the public, it would appear that most tradesmen are literally very fond of trusting people whom they know to be thoroughly insolvent. Again, if every man's income were known, nobody would be tempted, as so many are now, to live beyond their means just for the pleasure of making believe that they are much better off than they really are.

If a man with a thousand a year were spending two thousand, he would be aware that all his neighbors would look upon him as a great fool and knave. As it is, if he manages judiciously, it is surprising how long he may persuade them that he is really making the two thousand which they can very plainly perceive him to be spending. After all, however, this is only one out of several greater advantages which would flow from the practice of men showing themselves up in those true colors which are only known authentically to themselves. In order to procure so desirable an end, one must invent a magical flute which shall constrain every man who hears it to blurt out the truth about himself. Most unhappily, the necessity of making an income-tax return is singularly wanting in this magic virtue. Would it be too much to describe it as a preternatural instrument for turning even decently truthful men into liars? If King David had found it advisable to levy an income-tax on his subjects, he would have continued to repeat at leisure what he confesses to having said in his haste.

It is difficult to see how the practice of giving publicity to the returns would improve their truthfulness. The people of whom the Chancellor of the Exchequer tells us from time to time would probably persevere in their dishonest courses if their returns were ever so much exposed to the scrutiny of neighbors who would be sure to detect the under-estimate they had too modestly made of their own good fortune. One cannot forget the story of the firm who, when their business premises were destroyed for some city improvement, having to apply for compensation in proportion to their annual profits, represented those profits at just double the figure which appeared in their return to the income-tax; nor that other firm which submitted, without a word, to an increasing surcharge of ten thousand pounds for each of three consecutive years.

If public morality is so low as to permit men, in other respects of average passable honor, to perpetrate frauds of this kind on the government and on their honest fellow-tax-payers, we can hardly suppose that the publication of a notoriously untrue return would subject them to anything more unpleasant than a half-sympathetic laugh at their coolness. There is this to be said, that if the returns were published it would be in a manner to one's own advantage rather to overestimate one's income. That is, a firm might make more than the fourpence in the pound they would have to pay by the greater credit and standing which the reputation for a larger income would give. Certainly, in the non-commercial world, there are plenty of people who would be very happy to pay twice fourpence in the pound on an imaginary income, for the sake of the advantages they might get from being supposed better off than in truth they were. A young barrister, for instance, might find it worth while to return himself for an income of twelve hundred pounds when he was only making six hundred. The greater prestige might be worth to him much more than the fifteen or twenty pounds which he would have to pay on the imaginary six hundred. Social advantages of various kinds might be purchased by ingenious and insincere adventurers, by the same process of losing a sprat to catch a whale. In this way, the publicity of incomes might be the means of foisting a thousand social counterfeits upon the world. It would be interesting to know how far any results of this kind have come of the American practice in the only country, so far as we know, where it prevails; and how far also, in the opinion of competent persons, it has the effect of preventing people from shirking their public duties and cheating the revenue.

There is unquestionably a great deal of false and unintelligible delicacy about money matters. The possession of a small income is too often spoken of in an under-breath, as we should speak of a man's father having gone mad, or of his wife having run away from him. A poor man mostly resents the assumption, in any proposed plan for business or for pleasure, that he is poor. A graceful hypocrite might make himself wonderfully popular by letting every man he met see, in a delicate way, that he reckoned his income to be not less than two thousand a year. Of course, there is a well-known form of affectation of a highly offensive kind, which consists in perpetually hoisting your comparative poverty up for the wonder and admiration of the bystanders.

On the whole, this is more preposterous and disgusting than the vulgar boastings of the newly rich. But even these tiresome vaunters of their poverty are not unwilling that you should suppose them to be much less poor than they pretend. There is another strange and unmanly affectation which is worth noticing. People in distress frequently decline to be assisted except on a false pretext. They won't take your help unless you will swear that it is only a loan, and not a gift. The fact that they can never by any possibility repay it, counts for nothing in the debate. Or they won't take it unless you accept an equivalent: that is to say, you pay them a five-pound note for a piece of embroidery which, if you happen to want it, you could buy in open market for threepence; or else you must take a trumpery drawing, or some literary trash, in order that the recipient may not lose his or her self-respect. As if there were any reason for men and women to cease to respect themselves because they have fallen into tribulation, or as if they could respect themselves the more because they insist on a strictly business transaction, which, as a business transaction, is simply an impudent swindle. But, just as it is difficult in political economy to teach people that money is only a commodity like another, so it is to persuade them to look at it in a frank and sensible way in ordinary social dealings.

KOSSUTH TO HIS SWORD.

BY DR. HORACE DRESSER.

["I swear here before you (raising the sword to Heaven) that this American sword in my hand shall be always faithful in the cause of Freedom—that it shall be ever foremost in the battle, and that it shall never be polluted by ambition or cowardice."—M. KOSSUTH, *at Castle Garden.*]

HENCEFORTH with me thou art, bright blade of steel!
And now, the while, may'st rest and sleep;
But, by the bye, to make the tyrants feel,
Forth from thy resting-place shalt leap!
Before High Heaven do I thee consecrate
To Freedom's holy, sacred cause—
I swear, O sword! I'll smite the potentate,
Now trampling down the Hungarian laws!

I seem to hear beside old Danube's wave
Sad voice saying, "O how long!
How long shall despots rule the hour? O save—
Great God, avenge our country's wrong.
The haughty Hapsburg and the Muscovite
Upon our necks have placed their feet,
Forgetful of long-plighted faith and right—
Behold, just Powers! the fate we meet."

Bright burnished blade! no blood hath stained thee yet,
Nor hast thou sought the springs of life;
But time will come when with the foeman met,
Thou shalt be foremost in the strife!
With arm uplifted high, in my right hand,
Thy flash and gleam and mortal blow,
Shall sheer the battling hosts of fatherland,
And mark where bloodiest torrents flow.

Damascus blades the olden Magyar drew,
With trenchant arm, and battles won;
He kept his nation's name long centuries through,
And ever stood the unconquered Hun!
Once more shall clash of arms and noise of war,
Resound along my native hills—
Let tyrant princes know the time's not far—
Its omen now all Europe fills.

Thou thing of death! a freeman gave thee form—
His forge and fires have set thine edge;
With thee I'll breast and brave the battle-storm.
No coward grasps, my faith I pledge!
Crowned heads and hierarchs shall bow
Before the Majesty of right;
O sword! help me record this sacred vow—
My country's foes shall feel my might!

Let flow of soul and feast of banquet hall,
In this the land of Washington,
Teach regnant knaves and kings, I need but call,
And thousand swords are girded on.
My sword! proud gift of plumed and patriot band,
I take thee for a talisman;
With thee some day will seek my native land,
And strike perchance the Austrian!

HABITS OF GREAT STUDENTS.

RACINE composed his verses while walking about, reciting them in a loud voice. One day, while thus working at his play of Mithridates, in the Tuileries Gardens, a crowd of workmen gathered around him, attracted by his gestures; they took him to be a madman about to throw himself into the basin. On his return home from such walks, he would write down scene by scene, at first in prose, and when he had written it out, he would exclaim—"My tragedy is done!" considering the dressing of the acts up in verse as a very small affair.

Magliabecchi, the learned librarian to the Duke of Tuscany, on the contrary, never stirred abroad, but lived amidst books. They were his bed, board and washing. He passed eight-and-forty years in their midst, only twice in the course of his life venturing beyond the walls of Florence; once to go two leagues off, and the other time three and a half leagues, by order of the Grand Duke. He was an extremely frugal man, living upon eggs, bread and water, in great moderation.

Luther, when studying, always had his dog lying at his feet, a dog he had brought from Wartburg, and of which he was very fond. An ivory crucifix stood at the table before him, and the walls of his study were stuck round with caricatures of the Pope. He worked at his desk for days together without going out; but when fatigued, and the ideas began to stagnate, took his guitar with him into the porch and there executed some musical phantasy (for he was a skilful musician), when the ideas would flow upon him as fresh as flowers after summer's rain. Music was his invariable solace at such times. Indeed, Luther did not hesitate to say that, after theology, music was the first of arts. "Music," said he, "is the art of the prophets; it is the only other art, which, like theology, can calm the agitation of the soul, and put the Devil to flight." Next to music, if not before it, Luther loved children and flowers. The great gnarled man had a heart as tender as a woman's.

Calvin studied in his bed. Every morning, at five or six o'clock, he had books, manuscripts and papers carried to him there, and had he occasion to go out, on his return he undressed and went to bed again to continue his studies. In his later years he dictated his writings to secretaries. He rarely corrected anything. The sentences issued complete from his mouth. If he felt facility of composition leaving him he forthwith quitted his bed, gave up writing and composing and went about his out-door duties for days, weeks and months together. But as soon as he felt the inspiration fall upon him again, he went back to his bed and his secretary was set to work forthwith.

Aristotle was a tremendous worker; he took little sleep, and was constantly retrenching it. He had a contrivance by which he awoke early, and to awake was with him to commence work. Demosthenes passed three months in a cavern by the seaside, laboring to overcome the defects of his voice. There he read, studied and declaimed.

Rousseau wrote his works early in the morning; Le Sage at mid-day; Byron at midnight. Hardonin rose at four in the morning and wrote till late at night.

Rabelais composed his life of Gargantua at Beily, in the company of Romam cardinals, and under the eyes of the Bishop of Paris. La Fontaine wrote his fables chiefly under the shade of a tree, and sometimes by the side of Racine and Boileau.

Pascal wrote most of his thoughts on little scraps of paper, at his by-moments. Fenelon wrote his Telemachus in the palace of Versailles, at the court of the Grand Monarque, when discharging the duties of tutor to the Dauphin. That a book so thoroughly democratic should have issued from such a source, and be written by a priest, may seem surprising.

DeQuincy first promulgated his notions of universal freedom of person and trade, and of throwing all taxes on the land—the germ, perhaps of the French Revolution—in the boudoir of Madame de Pompadour.

Bacon knelt down before composing his great work, and prayed for light and inspiration from heaven. Pope never could compose well without first declaiming for some time at the top of his voice and thus rousing his nervous system to its fullest activity.

The life of Liebnitz was one of reading, writing and meditation. That was the secret of his prodigious knowledge. After an attack of the gout, he confined himself to a diet of bread and milk. Often he slept in a chair, and rarely went to bed till after midnight. Sometimes he was months without quitting his seat, where he slept by night and wrote by day. He had an ulcer in his right leg, which prevented his walking about even had he wished to do so.

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3. They are capable of executing perfectly, without change of adjustment, a much greater variety of work than other machines.
4. The stitch made by these machines is much more firm, elastic, and durable, especially upon articles which require to be washed and ironed, than any other stitch.
5. This stitch, owing to the manner in which the under thread is inwrought, is much the most plump and beautiful in use, and retains this plumpness and beauty even upon articles frequently washed and ironed until they are worn out.
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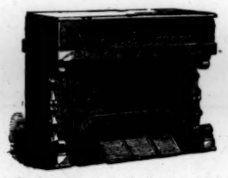
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GERMAN BITTERS,
WILL CURE
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Resulting from any cause whatsoever.
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PROSTRATION OF THE SYSTEM
INDUCED BY
SEVERE HARDSHIPS,
EXPOSURE,
FEVERS,
OR
DISEASES OF CAMP LIFE.
SOLDIERS, CITIZENS, MALE OR FEMALE, ADULT OR YOUTH,
will find this Bitters a pure Tonic, not dependent on bad liquors for their almost miraculous effects.
O
DYSPEPSIA,
AND DISEASES RESULTING FROM DISORDERS OF THE LIVER AND DIGESTIVE ORGANS,
ARE CURED BY
HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS.
This Bitters has performed more cures, gives better satisfaction, has more testimony, has more respectable people to vouch for it, than any other article in the market.
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We defy any one to contradict this assertion, and
WILL PAY $1,000
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HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS,
WILL CURE EVERY CASE OF
CHRONIC OR NERVOUS DEBILITY
AND
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F
Observe the following Symptoms, resulting from Disorders of the Digestive Organs:
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L
REMEMBER,
that this Bitters is not Alcoholic, contains no Rum or Whiskey, and cannot make Drunkards, but is the Best Tonic in the World.
READ WHO SAYS SO.
[From the Rev. W. D. Seigfried, Pastor of Twelfth Baptist Church, Phil.]
GENTLEMEN: I have recently been laboring under the distressing effects of indigestion, accompanied by a prostration of the nervous system. Numerous remedies were recommended by friends, and some of them tested, but without relief. Your Hoofland's German Bitters were recommended by persons who had tried them, and whose favorable mention of these Bitters induced me to try them. I must confess that I had an aversion to Patent Medicines from the "thousand and one" quack "Bitters," whose only aim seems to be to palm off sweetened and drugged liquor upon the community in a sly way, and the tendency of which, I fear, is to make many a confirmed drunkard. Upon learning that yours was really a medicinal preparation, I took it, with happy effect. Its action, not only upon the stomach, but upon the nervous system, was prompt and gratifying. I feel that I have derived great and permanent benefit from the use of a few bottles. Very respectfully yours,
W. D. SEIGFRIED, No. 234 Shackamaxon st.
A
[From the Rev. E. D. Fendall, Assistant Editor *Christian Chronicle*, Phil.]
I have derived decided benefit from the use of Hoofland's German Bitters, and feel it my privilege to recommend them as a most valuable tonic, to all who are suffering from general debility or from diseases arising from derangement of the liver.
Yours truly, E. D. FENDALL.
[From Rev. D. Merrige, Pastor of the Passyunk Baptist Church, Phil.]
From the many respectable recommendations given to Dr. Hoofland's German Bitters, I was induced to give them a trial After using several bottles I found them to be a good remedy for debility, and a most excellent tonic for the stomach.
D. MERRIGE.
From Rev. Wm. Smith, formerly Pastor of the Vincentown and Millville (N. J.) Baptist Churches.]
Having used in my family a number of bottles of your Hoofland's German Bitters, I have to say that I regard them as an excellent medicine, specially adapted to remove the diseases they are recommended for. They strengthen and invigorate the system when debilitated, and are useful in disorders of the liver, loss of appetite, etc. I have also recommended them to several of my friends, who have tried them, and found them greatly beneficial in the restoration of health.
Yours truly, WILLIAM SMITH,
966 Hutchinson street, Phil.
N
[From the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Pastor of the Tenth Baptist Church.]
I have been frequently requested to connect my name with commendations of different kinds of medicines, but regarding the practice as out of my appropriate sphere, I have in all cases declined; but with a clear proof in various instances, and particularly in my own family, of the usefulness of Dr. Hoofland's German Bitters, I depart for once from my usual course, to express my full conviction that, *for general debility of the system, and especially for Liver Complaint, it is a safe and valuable preparation.* In some cases it may fail; but usually, I doubt not, it will be very beneficial to those who suffer from the above causes.
Yours, very respectfully,
J. H. KENNARD, Eighth, below Coates st.
Philadelphia, Dec. 24, 1864.
Rev. J. S. Herman, of the German Reformed Church, Kutztown, Berks county, Pa., was cured of Dyspepsia of twenty years' standing.
A. M. Spangler, Editor of the *Culturist*, No. 25 North Sixth st., Philadelphia, says this Bitters was recommended to him by a medical friend, and six bottles cured him of complete prostration of the nervous system.
Rev. J. Newton Brown, D.D., Editor of the Encyclopedia of Religious Knowledge and *Christian Chronicle*, Bell.;
Rev. Thos. Winter, D.D., Pastor of Roxborough Baptist Church,
Rev. Levi G. Deck, Pastor of the Baptist Church, Pemberton, N. J., formerly of the North Baptist Church, Phil., at present Pastor of the Baptist Church, Chester, Pa.
These gentlemen express, in the strongest terms, their favorable opinion of these Bitters.
D
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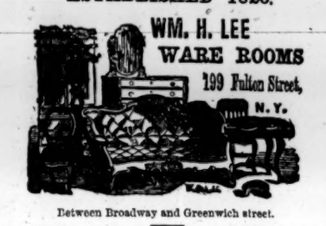
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